

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. X.

MAY, 1883.

NO. 7.

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AMONG THE POLLY-DANCERS.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

TO children in towns, anything that suggests the wild woods and breezy hills is oftentimes even more than the woods and hills themselves are to those who live among them. From a city window, I have seen children, playing in a vacant house-lot overrun with weeds, plucking and rejoicing over the rough, homely things as if they were the fairest of flowers, and, with delight that was almost ecstasy, sorting over the faded evergreens thrown there from some neighboring chapel, where they had long served as decorations.

The very word "evergreen" seems full of all manner of woodsy sights and sounds and smells.

When a bit of a child myself—almost a baby—I remember that one day my father called me to the low table, which was just about on a level with my eyes, and said:

"Look at the Polly-dancers!"

He had brought in a green pine-twigg from the wood-pile, had cut off half a dozen brush-like little tufts, had trimmed their tips, and then, blowing upon them gently, had set them dancing about the table as if they were alive. They floated this way and that, each taking its own direction; and when one moved too near the edge of the table, a light puff from his lips would send it back again. They seemed to me like tiny green-skirted sprites having a frolic together, and I was charmed with them more as playmates than as playthings.

I had a large family of rag-babies of home manufacture, featureless and limbless, which either wore their only night-gown all day or had squares of

bright calico (their entire wardrobe) pinned about their shoulders, shawl fashion; and for each of these I felt a separate motherly affection. There was also a London doll laid away in a drawer, which I was told belonged to me, but whose rosy cheeks and flaxen curls I was forbidden to touch. For this fine lady I had a great admiration, without any feeling of attachment, and when she finally fell into my hands, my ill-treatment of her soon brought her down to the level of my humbler darlings.

But I wholly forgot rag-babies and London dolls in my rapture over the Polly-dancers.

No matter if they had neither heads nor feet, they could move like living creatures. The lack of motion and life is what makes dollies, however dear, unsatisfactory to a sensible child. All the imagining in the world will not make them stir. But a dolly that could flit hither and thither at a breath, it was no matter whether she had a visible head of her own or not, since there was one ready to grow for her, at any moment, out of her little admirer's brain.

When I asked, "Where did the Polly-dancers come from?" and was answered, "From the woods," a whole new, unexplored world rose before me.

There was a dark-blue outline against the sunset, across the river, and another heavier line of purple-green in the north, toward the sea, which I had heard called "the woods." The name had been full of mystery to me, before; but from that

moment it stood for a wonder-land—the home of the Polly-dancers! How I longed for the time when I should be old enough to go to the woods! And when one summer day, a year or two after, my brother asked and gained leave to take me with him a-berrying, was not I a happy girl?

The walk was through a long street, past a great many houses, and then over an open, unshaded road. But at last we were there. When the cool, lofty greenness closed us in, and fresh earth-smells came up from the moss and ferns beneath our feet, I seemed to know it all as if I had been there before. These were really “the woods” of my dream!

My brother seated me on a great rock covered with lichens, and told me not to move from the spot until he came for me. Then he went out of sight with his basket, whistling. I felt like crying for loneliness when I saw him disappear, but the stillness around me inspired a feeling of awe that made me afraid to utter a sound. And presently I began to feel at home in the wonderful place. There were soft whisperings all about me, that seemed like kind voices of unseen friendly people, rustlings as of gossamer garments.

Nothing would have tempted me from my perch, for I had read of elves and gnomes and fairies, and I firmly believed in them. They always lived in the woods; and though I would gladly have stepped inside a fairy-ring, just once, I would not for worlds have done so without first feeling my hand fast in my brother's, else I was sure I should never see home again. But he did not believe in fairies, and I soon forgot that I did as I listened to the song of the Polly-dancers.

For there they were, thousands and tens of thousands of them, up in those great trees, dancing with their feet out to the sky, and making such music together, low, sweet, and solemn! I have never forgotten how it sounded to me that first time I heard it. It seemed to tell me that the world was a larger and lovelier place than I had dreamed, and that it would always have awaiting me something grander than I could guess. Of course, I had no words for my feelings then; I did not even know that I was having “feelings” at all. A child never does, until long afterward. But the feelings come back, and we remember the moments when we began to be acquainted with the world and with ourselves.

My brother and I walked home, two merry, tired, matter-of-fact children. He had left me only a half-hour or so alone; and he did not confide to me until we were almost home that his basket, which seemed brimful of huckleberries, was really crammed with fresh leaves, and that there was only a thin layer of berries on the top! I re-

member thinking what a remarkable boy he was to have conceived such a clever artifice. But he had not liked either to take me into the bushes or to leave me long alone; and he did not wish to appear unsuccessful in his search for berries, if he should chance to pass other boys. He little dreamed how much more than berries I had found in the woods that day!

For the pine trees have been like dear friends to me ever since. Every summer I go to visit them in their homes on the mountain-sides, where they best love to be, and where they are always ready to give those who love them a hospitable welcome.

I do not know of any tree that seems so much like a human being as a pine tree. Every one of its myriad little needle-like leaves vibrates like a sensitive nerve to the touch of the breeze, and its great song is a chorus of innumerable small voices answering each other, and carrying the anthem on into limitless space. It distills rich gums, and sends out spicy odors to make the air around it healthy and sweet, and it throws down its leaves to make a dry bed on the damp earth, where we can rest on hot midsummer days. There is no outdoor repose sweeter than that we find under its shadow, looking up through its boughs into twinkling breaks of blue sky. I always feel like a little child again when I find myself in that friendly solitude.

There are companions all about me, happy, living creatures, and the most neighborly of these are the squirrels. They and the Polly-dancers seem very fond of each other. A squirrel runs out to the very tip of a long bough over my head, and a little gust of sound, that might be a laugh or a sigh, steals softly down to me. Is that distant chatter of the squirrels frolicking or scolding? I can not always tell. But once I saw a pitched battle between two chipmunks, high up in the tree-tops, and suddenly one of them fell with a light thud on the ground beside me, fifty feet or more below the scene of the fight. He did not seem the least bit hurt or discomfited, but was flashing up the next tree in an instant, after his victorious foe.

It is wonderful how the squirrels know at once when any one has come into the woods. Let the intruder be ever so quiet, in a minute or two there is an approaching “chip-chip-chip!” a clattering down the loose bark of a tree, as of somebody whose shoes do not fit very well, and two small, bright eyes are staring at him inquisitively from a safe distance.

Sitting perfectly still on the ground, I have eyed a squirrel ten minutes at a time—he as still as myself and gazing into my eyes as steadily as I into his. I have usually had to be the first to look away; then he would perhaps venture a little nearer, or possibly would take alarm at my move-

ments, and run up into his tree, quivering with excitement. Once I caught the eye of one sitting on a pine-scrub near me, with a nut or acorn in his mouth, which fitted in exactly and gave it the shape of the letter "O." He staid there a long time quite motionless, with his tail in the air, and his paws uplifted to his cheeks, stuffed out with the nut, which he did not attempt to eat or to drop, until I turned away. It was very comical, the three interjections that his eyes and mouth made as he watched me. I tried to talk to him in squirrel-language, and he seemed to listen, but not to understand, for he gave no answer; I suppose he was laughing inside at the ridiculous mispronunciations of the intrusive foreigner. But I have had long talks with squirrels that came down to within a few feet of me, and told me unmistakably that they had better command of their own vocabulary than I, and that I had better leave their premises at once.

Squirrels in their native haunts are sometimes very tame. At a picnic in the woods, I have seen one come and take away a slice of cucumber almost from the hand of the person who laid it on the ground for him. We hoped he did not have to send for a squirrel-doctor, after eating the indigestible morsel. And one actually jumped from a tree down upon the shoulder of a lady who sat there talking with a friend.

This was in the Maine woods, which, perhaps, are no lovelier than the woods of any other State, though they seem lovelier to me because I have passed so many peaceful, almost perfect, days in their shade. The ground all carpeted with delicate linnea-vines, interwoven with trailing arbutus and snowberry streamers, wherever the pine-needles had not fallen too thickly to let them through; checkerberry and bunchberry dotting the deep verdure with scarlet drops; the note of some belated bird now and then floating down the hill-side; the great tree-trunks before me framing

in the river and vast green meadows, and the grand, far-off mountain ranges tinted with azure and purple and pearl—it takes but a thought to carry me thither, and I journey there often through closed doors and windows. For memory and fancy are like the magic traveling-rug of the "Arabian Nights," and much pleasanter conveyances than steam-boat or railway car.

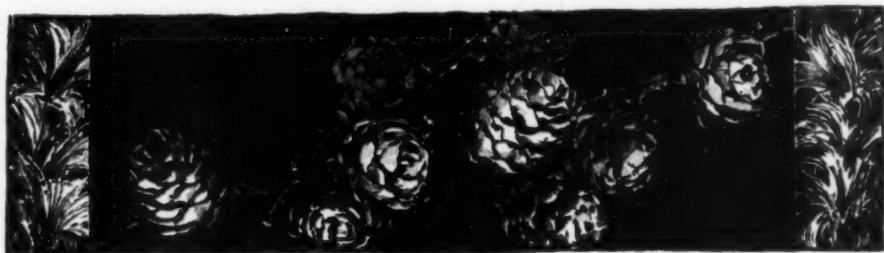
I think there is some secret league between the Polly-dancers and the mountains. They are always found together; and they perhaps like each other because of their differences, as persons sometimes do. For what is so airy, so easily stirred, as the needle-like foliage of the pine tree? and what is so immovable as a mountain?

Yet the far blue summits and the gray crags and precipices seem to speak through the pine tree. They are dumb, but they make its wiry leaves their harp-strings. The west wind steals down from the peak and breathes through the pine in a monotone, as if the mountain were thinking aloud, while the stormy blast wakens there a surging music as from vast organ-pipes. And the somber green of the pine-groves is never so picturesque as when contrasted with the misty tints of a hilly background. To know the pine trees well you must live with them on the mountain-sides.

When the pine tree sings, it wakes an echo in the heart of the smallest child who listens beneath its boughs. What is its song?

That every little, firm, green thread, set so close upon its branches, delights to take its part in the grand music of creation, to breathe out the story of life all around it, larger and stronger than itself—life that it feels thrilling up from its hidden roots and out of the infinite spaces of the sky. And this song is so full of deep meaning to every human being who aspires to live truly, it seems so full of our own inmost longing, that we almost feel while we listen as if the pine tree had a soul.

This I have learned among the Polly-dancers.



A FABLE FOR BOYS.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.



"THE WORLD OWES ME A LIVING."

AS SOON as a boy leaves school and looks about to see what he shall do next, he is very likely to be told by some unwise person, "The world owes you a living." This probably strikes him as being a very wise remark, and the boy says to himself, "If it is true that the world owes me a living, then I'm all right." He finds a place, and goes to work manfully; but after a time he concludes that there is no fun in it, and he stops to consider: "If the world owes me a living, why should I trouble myself? Let the world pay its debt to me." Suddenly he loses his place and has nothing to do. He is surprised, and wonders why the world does not give him his due. "A nice bed, warm clothes, and regular dinners are good things, and I ought to have them. The world owes them to me, and if I do not get them I've been cheated out of my rights."

A fable is a story that has been "made up"—an imaginary story that is not really true. The saying that "the world owes every man a living" sounds very deep and wise, but it is only a fable. It is not true.

Come, boys, get your hats and walking-sticks, and let us take a tramp and see what we can find. We will start in the country and walk to town by the brook, along the river-side and 'ver the canal. This is a pretty good road. It leads toward the city. It is smooth and hard, and the teams we meet roll along swiftly and easily. Yonder is a horse dragging a cart through some plowed land. He has a hard time of it, but as soon as he reaches the road he will trot off merrily enough.

Here's a stone bridge over a brook. See how nicely all the stones have been laid, one over the other, to make the arch that spans the water. The brook is deep and muddy, and it would not be much fun to wade it to reach the other side. But having the bridge, there is no need of that.

We walk on, and presently come to another bridge. Ah! this is the canal. It looks like a narrow river winding through the country. There is a path on one side for the horses, and here and there are locks. Here's a boat coming. First comes the horse stoutly pulling on the long rope, and the great boat slips silently through the water behind him. A horse is able to drag on wheels a load which, if he walks all day, is equivalent to moving ten tons one mile. This horse pulling the canal-boat moves a load of five hundred and fifteen tons the same distance in the same time. That was certainly a good idea in some one to make a watery road and put boats, instead of carts, upon it, and thus make such a gain in the work of the horse. The canal looks like a river, but it is not. Thousands of men worked hard for a long time to dig the ditch and fill it with water, that the boats might travel from town to town.

Here's a lock. Let us stop and see the boat pass through. There are two great gates, arranged in pairs, at each end of the lock. The lower gates are open, and the lock is empty. At the upper end we find that the water is much higher above the lock than in it. The boat glides into the lock, and the lockman closes the gates tightly behind it. Then he turns a crank, and immediately we hear the water rushing into the lock. How wonderful! The great boat rises slowly till it is level with the water above the lock. Then the

man opens the upper gates, and the boat slips through and goes on its way. Here one man lifted, alone, a load of over five hundred tons, and moved the boat from one level of the canal to another. Certainly, some one must have been a wise man to make such an admirable contrivance.

Let us go on, for there is much more to be seen. We walk along the road and the houses become thicker, and there is a nice graveled sidewalk, with rows of trees on either side. Ah! There's the river. Let's turn aside and look at it. The banks are lined with stone to keep the waves from washing the soil away, and out in the stream are red-and-black beacons to mark the channel for the steam-boats. There is one coming now. How swiftly it moves along! What a very clever invention it is! There's a sloop beating up stream against wind and tide. The sail-boat finds it difficult to make a mile while the steam-boat is going ten.

We trudge along, and presently come to a horse railroad leading into the town. Twenty-two people in the car, and only two horses. Two horses in a carriage find it quite enough to drag four people on a sandy beach or rough road, but when the carriage runs on smooth iron rails they can drag sixty people or more. Certainly, somebody must have been very bright to find out this and to put it into practice.

Here we are in the city. There's a policeman standing guard on the corner, to keep the thief and pickpocket from entering our house or stealing our purse. Here's a fine, large school-house, where a hundred children are getting an education free. Next door is a free picture-gallery and a public library, and here's a fountain in the street where men, horses, and even dogs, can have a drink of pure water at any time. Not far away is an engine-house, and we may stop at the door and look in at the beautiful and intelligent horses, trained to put themselves into place before the engine the instant the bell rings. What a fine

How finely the streets are laid out, paved, and lighted with gas, and provided with signs on the corners to point the way. If we go down-town, we shall see great docks, with swift and beautiful ships floating in the harbor and great steam-ships ready to take us to any part of the world. There are the forts, where the soldiers mount guard day and night the year round. See that white tower in the distance. That is the light-house to guide strange vessels to the port. Yonder is a war-ship, with rows of black guns looking out of its sides—a noble sea-dog, ready to repel any invaders who dare come to our shores bent on mischief. There are many more things to be seen, but perhaps this is enough. Let us take the cars and go home. We pay a few cents, and are brought back to the country safely, quickly, and cheaply.

Now, boys, what do you think of it? We had a good road to walk upon, and a bridge to help us over the brook. We saw the water-road called a canal, and the river kept in fine order for boats. We saw the horse railroad, the steam-boat, the streets, the docks, the fort, and the light-house, the gallery and school; and beside all these were many more wonderful things we did not have time to examine.

We read that in certain countries there are no roads, towns, or even houses. Bears and wolves roam through the wilderness, and the few men who live there have a hard time to find food to eat and skins enough to keep out the cold. Were you carried there and left to take care of yourself, you would soon starve. There might be fish in the water, and grapes on the vines, and birds among the trees. But would the fish come up to be cooked and eaten, would the grapes drop into your hand, or the birds stay to be caught? Not at all. Nature would simply let you starve. The world would see you faint with hunger or perishing with cold, and not a living thing would seem to care whether you lived or died.

Put a line in the sea and catch the fish, and he



piece of machinery is the engine—and the men, too. They look like able workmen, and, no doubt, when the need comes, they will risk their lives with a noble courage we can not help admiring.

will make a hard struggle to get away. Only because you are stronger, only after you have killed him, can you eat the fish. Only by climbing the vine can you get grapes, only by trapping the birds

can you eat them. This seems hard and cruel. Why does not Nature make fried fish to come up to the shore? Why should not the grapes grow close to the ground? Why do not the broiled ducks and boned turkeys hop down into our plates? I do not really know why not, but it is certain they never do.

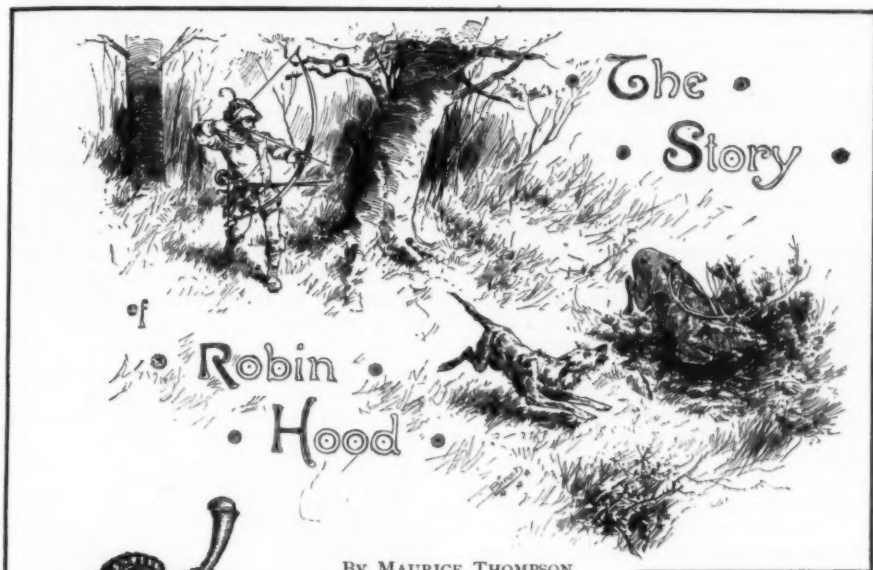
At one time this country was a wilderness, where no man could live, save by fighting the wild beasts. Some one chased away the bears and wolves, cut down the forests, laid out roads, built towns, and dug canals. Somebody spent vast sums of money in constructing railroads, steam-boats, docks, light-houses, schools, libraries, and all the fine things you enjoy so freely. More than this, somebody pays the policeman, the fireman, the soldier, sailor, the light-house keeper and school-master.

From the day you were born your father and mother have fed, clothed, and sheltered you. It has cost you nothing. None of these great public works, roads, canals, towns, navies, and armies cost

you anything. How can you say the world owes you a living? Is it not you who are in debt? What has a boy done to deserve all this? Not a thing. It is you who must pay—not the world.

Ah! boys, he was a foolish creature who first said, "The world owes me a living." He told a very silly fable. The world owes no man a living till he has done some worthy deed, some good work to make the world better and a fairer place to live in. Those old fellows who dug canals and laid out towns, who built cities and invented all these splendid things,—these telegraphs, these ships, these magnificent engines,—had the right idea. They worked manfully, and the world at last did owe them a living, and paid it many times over. If you mean to get out of the great debt you owe the world, do something, go to work and show you are a man. Then, when you have shown the world you can work, it will gladly pay you a living, and the finer and more noble your work the greater will be your reward.





BY MAURICE THOMPSON.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.*

ROBIN HOOD has been called a robber; but, in fact, he was not a robber at all, in the true sense of the word. He was a patriot against whom the decree of outlawry had been uttered by a tyrannical king.

In the year 1265, on the field of Eves-

ham, the patriots, who were struggling against the tyranny of Henry III., came to grief. They were utterly defeated and many of their noblest leaders slain. The most notable of those who survived the battle were outlawed and their homes and property confiscated. Robin Hood, who, under the leadership of De Montfort, a nobleman (Earl of Leicester), had shown great bravery and skill as an archer, was especially hated by the tyrant, and forced, in order to

save his life or to avoid banishment from his beloved country, to take refuge in the vast wild forests of Sherwood, in Nottinghamshire, where he soon called about him a band of brave, but unfortunate lovers of liberty, who vowed never to surrender to the invaders of merry England. These men were of the good, substantial middle class of Englishmen, called yeomen, whose delight it was that they were free-born and had the right to bear the English long-bow and arrows as their arms and the badges of liberty.

In those days life and property were not so secure as they are now, and governments were less stable.

The wealthy men and hereditary nobles of England fortified themselves in vast castles surrounded with solid walls and moats filled with water, whence they now and then went forth, with their armed retainers, to do all manner of evil deeds. And these enemies of the people had given their allegiance to the invaders and conquerors of England.

So it may be easily seen how Robin Hood and his compatriots were situated in their enforced exile. They had fought for freedom, and had been defeated. To surrender was death or banishment for life. They were in the wild greenwood, with their weapons in their hands, and they resolved not to surrender to the tyrant, whose very name was hateful, and whose heart had never known mercy. They were free men and loved England, and they

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could not bear the thought of being put to death by a king who had gathered about him a foreign court, and had unsparingly oppressed the yeomanry of his realm.

At first, Robin Hood and his men sought to live by killing game in Sherwood forest; but the tyrant would not allow this, rather choosing to send companies of armed men to scour the wood in search of them, with orders to take them dead or alive. Resistance became necessary, and Robin and his brave fellows fell upon some of these companies, and drove them from Sherwood with the loss of many men.

A reward was offered for Robin Hood's capture. The rich nobles and even some of the ecclesiastics joined the King in his oppressions, doing everything in their power to bring Robin to his death.

So it came to pass that at last this brave forester called his band together and gave the following orders, which were adopted as the law to govern their actions:

"See that you do no harm to any husbandman that tilleth with the plow, or to any good yeoman, or to any knight or squire that is a good fellow; but those that live upon the fat of the land, and subsist by plundering the poor, you may beat and bind them. The High Sheriff of Nottingham, too, you may bear in mind, for he is no friend to any of us."

This simple proclamation gives us an insight into the situation. The yeomanry and the knights and squires of England had mostly been on the side of freedom in the late struggle. They and the honest tillers of the soil sympathized with Robin and his band. The official class, as has been said, had always been the robbers of the poor and the auxiliaries of the tyrant. As for the Sheriff of Nottingham, he, no doubt, was desirous of capturing Robin and his men for the sake of the reward offered by the Government and the rich oppressors against whom Robin had leveled his attacks.

Bearing in mind these prominent features, the reader is ready to go into the greenwood where this dauntless band of archers have their home, and there witness those exploits which have rendered the name of Robin Hood a household word in the homes of merry England for seven centuries or more.

What shall interest you in all this? Why, you shall go where the summer breezes sing, and the brooks ripple, and the wild birds carol in the shady groves. You shall hear the twang of the bow-string and the hiss of the flying arrow as the merry woodsmen hunt the deer, the wild swan, the pheasant, and other game. You shall see them catch the trout in the sweet, cold brooks. You shall be

with Robin and his bold men in many a skirmish with the emissaries of the King, and you shall witness their kindness to the poor and their noble tenderness to women.

You will keep in mind, however, that the days of honorable outlawry are gone by—that what was justifiable in the times of the tyranny and lawless conquest of kings would be robbery, punishable with imprisonment and disgrace, in this free and happy land of ours. And you will draw from the story of Robin Hood a fuller knowledge of the happiness you derive from living in an age of real freedom, and in a land where the Government protects the people instead of joining with their enemies to oppress them.

CHAPTER II.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE POOR KNIGHT.



THE earliest story of Robin Hood is contained in a rude ballad beginning as follows:

"Come, listen to me, ye gentlemen
That be of free-born blood:
I shall tell you of a good yeoman,
His name was Robin Hood."

This ballad was written about five hundred years ago, and is divided into eight parts. The first part is the ballad-singer's story of "The Poor Knight."

One fine morning, Robin Hood stood under a tree in the depths of the forest. He was leaning against the bole of the tree and must have looked weak and hungry, for one of his best men, who was called Little John, said to him:

"Master Robin, if you would eat a good, hearty dinner, it would do you much good."

"I have no desire to eat," said Robin Hood, "and shall not dine unless I have some stranger for a guest who can pay for his meal."

In fact, Robin and his band had been so harassed of late by the sheriffs of the King, and by bodies of men-at-arms sent to kill them, that the outlaw felt a keen desire to avenge himself.

"Well, what must we do?" said Little John, who was a great eater, and who was growing very hungry. "Give us our orders." And Robin answered:

"You and Much, the miller's son, and William Scathelock, take a walk up to the dwarf-willow thicket and watch the highway called Watling

street, and take the first man that comes along, be he baron, or abbot, or knight, and bring him here to me. I'll have dinner all ready by the time you return."

Then the three men strung their long yew-bows, and, bowing to Robin Hood, went to do his bidding. They were strong men, especially Much, the miller's son, who was a match for several ordinary men. They must have shone bravely, as they stepped along through the summer woods, for they wore green mantles and gay hoods, and in their broad belts their arrows gleamed brightly. Robin watched them with pride, for they were the truest, the bravest, and the strongest of his men.

When they had hidden themselves in the wil-
lows, or sallows, which overlooked the highway, they began watching for some passer-by, but for a long time saw none. At last, however, a knight, shabbily dressed and evidently in a sad mood, came slowly riding by, with one foot in stirrup, the other carelessly dangling free, and with his hood pulled low over his eyes.

Little John stepped forth from his hiding-place, and, bowing before the knight in a very courteous way, said:

"I am glad to meet you, Sir Knight, for my master has been waiting dinner for you these three hours. You will be right welcome, gentle knight, to our feast under the greenwood tree."

The knight reined up his horse and said:

"And who is your master, my good yeoman?"

"Robin Hood," replied Little John.

"Robin Hood, the brave patriot? I have heard much of him," said the knight. "He's a good yeoman, and I will go to him with you, although I was to dine at Doncaster to-day."

"My master will give you better fare than any inn-keeper at Doncaster," said Much.

"That he will," said Scathelock.

As they went along through the forest toward the tree where they had left Robin Hood, Little John and his companions noticed that the knight was very sad, and that the tears now and then dropped down his cheeks. They wondered what was the cause of his trouble, but kindly forbore to question him.

At the tree Robin stepped forward, and, taking off his hood, bowed before the knight and said:

"You are welcome, Sir Knight, to my greenwood home. I have been waiting three hours to dine with you."

"Ah, thank you, good Robin Hood!" said the knight, graciously bowing and smiling sadly. "God save you and all your men."

They gave the stranger such accommodations as they had. He and Robin went to the brook, and bathed their hands and faces side by side, and

dried them upon the same towel. Then they dined together under the tree. And what a dinner it was! There was fat venison and wine and pheasants and river-fowl, and the ballad goes on to say:

"And there wanted never so little a bird as ever was bred on brier."

The knight ate ravenously, and when his hunger was appeased, said:

"Thank you, sir; for three weeks I have not had such a meal. I must be going now, but if I ever have the chance I shall repay your kindness by giving you just as good a dinner as this."

"You must pay before you go," said Robin, who suspected that the knight might be a King's officer in disguise.

At this the stranger looked chagrined, and said: "I have no money." His voice trembled and his eyes grew gloomy again, as if some deep distress had almost worn out his spirit.

"If that is so," said Robin Hood, "you shall go free. Upon your knightly honor, Sir Knight, how much have you?"

"I have but ten shillings," said the poor knight, blushing for shame at his poverty.

Robin was touched, but he wished to be sure, so he told Little John to search the knight. Sure enough, there were but ten shillings in his purse.

Then Robin passed around the wine, and they drank the knight's health.

"I wondered what made your clothes so thin," said Robin, "and now tell me—(I'll keep the secret)—were you made a knight by force or from the yeomanry, or have you lived an uproarious life and wasted your fortune in debauchery?"

"I have not lived a sinful life," said the knight, "and my ancestors have been knights for more than two hundred years."

Then he went on to tell Robin how he had been good to his neighbors and had had a living of four hundred pounds a year, and how he had lost his wealth through his son's misfortune in a tourney where he had killed a knight and a squire. To save his son from the consequences, his goods had been sold and all his land mortgaged to the Abbot of St. Mary's Abbey.

"And when must you repay the Abbot in order to save your estate?" said Robin Hood.

"A few days are left me yet, but I shall not be able to get the money," was the sorrowful reply. "My poor wife and children must suffer."

"How much do you owe the Abbot?" Robin demanded.

"Four hundred pounds," replied the knight.

"And what will become of you if you lose your land?"

"I shall sail away to Palestine," said the knight, "to the land where Christ lived and died on Cal-

vary. My fate is hard. Farewell. I shall never be able to repay you. You have been very kind to me." He was shedding tears as he spoke, and he turned to leave them, his head bowed and his face deeply lined with trouble.

Robin Hood's three sturdy men stood by and wept at this.

"What friends have you who will become your surety if I lend you the four hundred pounds?" Robin asked.

"Heaven is my only friend," replied the knight. "Since my poverty has come upon me all men have deserted me."

"But you offer no security," insisted Robin.

"I have none to offer," answered the knight—"except my knightly honor."

Robin Hood was wise. He knew human nature.

"I will lend you the money," he said, quickly.

So he sent Little John to his hidden treasury to fetch the money. Not only this, at Little John's suggestion, the knight was given three yards of every color of cloth contained in the outlaw's rich store. Much grumbled at Little John's free measurements, seeing that he used a six-foot bow for a yard-stick, and gave three feet over at each length; but Scathelock laughed and said, "Little John can afford liberal measure, as the cloth did not cost him much!"

"Master Robin, you must give the knight a horse to pack all these goods upon," said Little John, eying the enormous pile of green and scarlet and gold and blue cloth.

"And a palfrey," said Much.

"And a pair of boots," added Scathelock.

"And these gilt spurs," cried Little John.

The knight stood silent, much moved by this great generosity.

"Now, when shall you expect me to pay back this money?" he asked, as he prepared to depart.

"On this day, a year hence, under this greenwood tree," replied Robin.

Then the knight bade them good-bye, and was about to go, when Robin spoke up and said:

"It would be a shame for so fair a knight to ride through the land with no squire, or yeoman, or page to walk by his side. I will lend you Little John to be your servant, and to stand in the stead of a yeoman, if you need one."

And then the knight rode gladly away, with Little John by his side, while the birds sang in the green trees, and the sweet breeze whispered, and the brooks bubbled, and the deer bounded across the grassy glades.

"Now," said the knight to Little John, "I must be in York to-morrow, at the Abbey of St. Mary, so as to pay the Abbot this money, or I may lose my estates forever."

He was thinking how happy his wife and children would be when their home could again be called their own. He smiled so happily that it made Little John glad and proud of the part he had taken in befriending him.

When they reached the great highway which led to York, they followed it, meeting on the way, no doubt, many noble knights, clad in shining steel armor, and many lords and ladies and ecclesiastics.

The knight reached the Abbey just as the Abbot was considering what was to be done about the pledged estates.

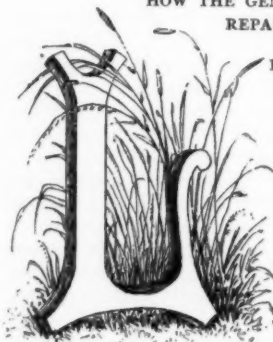
He was rather surprised at seeing the four hundred pounds counted out, and it was not with much pleasure that he surrendered the knight's lands, free of all encumbrance.

But it was a happy day for the good knight, and a proud one for Little John. The two left the Abbey and went to the knight's home, where the latter's wife was sorrowfully waiting for him. They made her joyful with the news they bore, and she blessed the name of Robin Hood, and wished him and his noble men long life and great success.

The knight and Little John sang merry songs. The whole world looked bright to them, as it always does to those who receive great benefits and to those who do noble deeds.

CHAPTER III.

HOW THE GENTLE KNIGHT REPAID ROBIN HOOD.



LITTLE JOHN was to remain in the employ of the knight for one year, at the end of which he was to return to the greenwood and report to Robin Hood.

The knight had no sooner secured his estates from the greed of the

Abbot than he began making every effort to get the four hundred pounds necessary to meet his promise to Robin Hood when the year should expire.

Days passed on, and Little John found his new master a kind and generous one, who allowed him to enjoy himself in any way he chose. One day the Sheriff of Nottingham was standing in a field, near some marks at which a number of archers were shooting. Little John joined in the game,

and hit the center of the mark every time he shot. The Sheriff, who was anxious to get into his service archers who could equal Robin Hood and his men, at once offered him twenty marks* for a year's service. This offer the knight permitted Little John to accept.

The reader must remember that Robin Hood and all his band were at war with the King, and

five miles to join his master, the Sheriff, who was hunting deer in a wood.

"Master!" he cried, when he found the Sheriff, "I have been deep in the forest, and I have seen a glorious sight—the fairest sight these eyes ever saw. I have seen a fine hart, and with him no less than sevenscore deer! He is of a green color, and his antlers have full sixty points."

This declaration, together with Little John's breathless and excited condition, aroused the Sheriff's curiosity.

"I should be glad to see such a sight as that," he said.

"Come with me, then," cried Little John earnestly, "and I'll show you the green hart and all the deer. They are but five miles away."

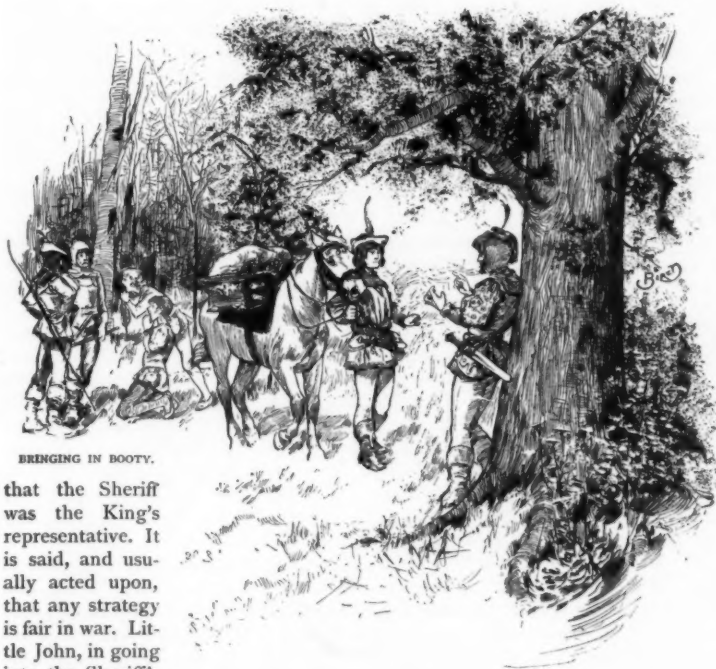
The Sheriff bade Little John lead on, and, forthwith leaving his comrades of the chase, he followed the wily outlaw directly to Robin Hood, who, with a green mantle on his shoulders, stood by the oak called the "Greenwood Tree" or "Trys-tal Tree," which was the spot where he and his band usually met.

"Here is the fine green hart—the master of the herd," cried Little John, pointing at Robin.

The Sheriff turned pale and began to tremble. He knew he was trapped by Little John, and expected nothing but death at the hands of Robin Hood, whom he had so long and so shamefully persecuted. But, to his surprise, he was asked to dine, and was courteously treated. All that Robin Hood required of him was to sleep one night on the ground wrapped in nothing but a thin green mantle, so that he might know how the hardy patriots were accustomed to fare. Then, on the morrow, Robin administered an oath to the Sheriff that he would never molest any of the band, and that he would help whomever of them should need assistance. The Sheriff took this oath solemnly on Robin's sword, as was the form among the outlaws, and was allowed to return to Nottingham.

that the Sheriff was the King's representative. It is said, and usually acted upon, that any strategy is fair in war. Little John, in going into the Sheriff's employ, gave his name as Reynold Greenleaf, and did not hint that he had ever been with Robin Hood. The Sheriff gave him a fine horse to ride, and showed him marked favor. But Little John remembered well the many noble and patriotic fellows this Sheriff had caused to be slain or banished, and he was only watching for a chance to punish him, and relieve the people from his oppression. This chance soon offered. Little John formed a plot with the Sheriff's cook, by which it was arranged to carry away to Robin Hood all the Sheriff's money and silver plate. The plot was successful. The cook and Little John got safely into the greenwood with three hundred pounds in money and a large amount of plate. They were gladly welcomed by Robin and his men, and the cook was taken into the company.

When this was accomplished, Little John ran



BRINGING IN BOOTY.

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*A mark is thirteen shillings and four-pence—or about three dollars and twenty cents.

The outlaws were now very happy, thinking they could henceforth live in the greenwood without fear of persecution from the Sheriff. The year rolled around, the merriest year they had ever seen. They met in the glades, and held shooting tourneys with their bows and arrows. Robin Hood himself joined in their sports, and was always the best archer among them.

But when the day came for the knight to repay Robin's money, the chief looked in vain for any sign of his approach. Dinner was delayed, for Robin wished to have the knight at table with him. Little John got very hungry, and kept insisting on proceeding with the meal.

"I fear greatly," said Robin, "that the knight has failed me, for he is not come, and my pay is not sent to me."

"Never doubt," said Little John; "the sun is not yet down by three hours, and the money is not due till then. I know the gentle knight will not break his word."

Then Robin said to Little John and Much and Scathelock:

"Take your bows, and go to the sallies and Watling street, and bring me the first stranger that you see, and if he shall chance to be a messenger, or a minstrel, or a poor man, he shall partake of my bounty."

And they went, and after a time returned with a fat fellow, whom they had captured along with his pack-horses and two attendants. This man proved to be the high cellarer of Saint Mary's Abbey, to which the poor knight's land had been pledged.

"And so you belong to that Abbey, do you?" said Robin, and then he ordered Little John to search the fellow's coffer, a thing which Little John was glad to do, for he knew how hard this same high cellarer had tried to defraud the poor knight, and how he had oppressed all the good yeomen of the county.

There proved to be more than eight hundred pounds in his coffer. In fact, when captured he was on his way as a messenger to a council of the King's advisers, and was commissioned to urge the

confiscation of the poor knight's property, and to plot the destruction of Robin Hood and his merry men. So our hero simply turned the tables, so to speak.

"Now, go to your masters," said Robin, as the man was leaving, "and tell them I shall be glad to have one of their cellarers to dine with me every day."

With a light coffer and a heavy heart the fellow went his way from the greenwood tree.

The sun was now nearly down, but its bright rays were still flashing on the tops of the tallest trees when the poor knight was seen approaching. He dismounted, and taking off his helmet bowed low before Robin Hood.

"May heaven bless you and your brave men, good Robin Hood," he said, in a tone of great respect.

"Welcome, very welcome, gentle knight," cried Robin; "but what has kept you so long?"

"I stopped at a wrestling match, as I came along," said the knight, "and I saw a poor yeoman, who had no friends present, being set upon and badly treated, so I stopped to assist him."

"You did! I thank you, Sir Knight, for that deed. I shall always be the friend of him who helps a good yeoman at need," said Robin, his face beaming with pleasure. And when the knight tendered the four hundred pounds that he had borrowed, Robin would not take the money.

"Keep it yourself, gentle knight," he exclaimed. "Fortune has already paid me my money. She sent it to me by the high cellarer of Saint Mary's Abbey."

Then, at a signal from the knight, a hundred men dressed in white and red came forward, and offered Robin Hood a hundred new bows and a hundred sheaves of arrows, in token of the knight's gratitude for the kindness of the outlaw chief and his comrades.

Robin Hood was overjoyed, and for many days after the knight's departure he and his merry men sang gaily wherever they went. Their hearts were light, and they felt secure since the Sheriff of Nottingham had taken an oath to help them at need, and to never again molest them in any way.

(To be continued.)



MR. AND MRS. CHIPPING BIRD'S NEW HOUSE.

By H. H.

MR. AND MRS. CHIPPING BIRD
Came from the South to-day;
And this is what I saw them do,
And almost heard them say:

Their last year's house stood empty still—
'T was in Crab Apple Row,
On Grape Vine corner, where the grapes
In autumn sweetest grow.

The house was only one year old—
Last spring they built it new;
But snow and rain all winter long
Had drenched it through and through.

Upon my word, my dear, I think
That we can make it do!"

"Humph!" said the wife (at least she looked
As if that were the word)—

"I think you must have lost your head,
Dear Mr. Chipping Bird!

"To patch up such a shell as that
Is worse than building new.
I doubt if we could mend it so
'T would last the summer through!"

"My dear, you 're wrong. 'T is not so bad—
'T is all your silly pride!



And winds had rocked it back and forth,
And torn it on one side;
'T was but a shabby little house
It can not be denied.

Still, if 't were patched, as birds know how,
It might do one more year;
And Mr. Chipping Bird, I think,
Believed that this was clear.

Eying it round, and round, and round,
He hopped about the tree,
And chatted gayly to his wife,
As pleased as he could be.

"A little here and there," he said,
" 'T will be as good as new!

'T will answer!" Mr. Chipping Bird
In shriller accents cried.

"Ha! Will it?" chirped the little wife,
And at the tree she flew,
And in a jiffy, with her feet,
She tore the house in two!

"Now let 's see you mend that," she said,
"Smart Mr. Chipping Bird!"
And then she cocked her eye at him
And never spoke nor stirred.

Wise Mr. Chipping Bird, he laughed;
What better could be done?
And off they flew, and in an hour
The new house was begun!

THE TINKHAM BROTHERS' TIDE-MILL.*

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHAPTER XX.

THE MAN IN BLUE AND THE MAN IN GRAY.

No doubt Tilly Loring hoped Rush would follow her into the tree, and, by some soothing explanation, atone for the shock he had given her. That is what almost any other girl in her place would have wished and would have had a right to expect, if what he had said was only an ill-timed jest.

But he merely called after her, "Letty will tell you all about it!" and walked into the mill, looking terribly offended, Tilly thought.

"What have I done?" she said to herself. "They will never forgive me! I know now why Letty nudged me at the table—she wanted to stop my tongue. I never was in such a scrape in all my life! To think how I talked to them—I, their guest!"

She heard footsteps coming along the bank, and, looking up, saw Letty bringing hats and wraps.

"O Letty!" she implored, "say it is n't so!"

"Why, Tilly!" began Letty, guessing what Rush had been telling her.

"This *is* n't the dam the Dempford people are excited over, is it? Say it is a mistake!"

"I wish I could," said Letty. "For you've no idea how we all feel about it. All but Mother. She does n't know of it yet."

"Oh! oh! oh!" said Tilly. "How I did talk to your brothers! How they must all hate me!"

"No, indeed!" Letty threw a hat over her friend's agitated curls. "Of course, you did n't understand."

"Understand? Why, I know no more of the rights of the case than the Queen of China—if there *is* a Queen of China! Your brothers could n't have built the factory; they have n't been here long enough. It looks as old as they are!"

"It is, almost. So is the dam. It has been where it is for years. And nobody ever thought of making a fuss about it till lately. It has a right to be there; and it would ruin the boys—it would ruin us all—it would be the cause of Mother's losing every dollar of the money which she has put in the place—if the dam should be taken away."

"Why, Letty!" Tilly exclaimed, indignantly. "The Dempford folks know nothing of this."

"Certainly they don't! Or they don't want to know. The prejudice against the dam, and against the boys on account of it, is just frightful!"

"But is there no way of letting the boats through?"

"To be sure there is. The new Commodore's new yacht went through yesterday. There are two boards, next to the platform by the mill; can you see? They pull up, and make an opening wide enough for the widest boats. And Lute has offered to build a regular lock, though there would be a great deal of work in it."

"I should think that ought to satisfy them."

"So we think," said Letty. "But, no! they must have the whole width of the river, no matter who suffers from the loss of the water-power."

"I had no idea they could be so unreasonable as that!"

"Why, they act like fiends! A few nights ago some of them came—when everybody in the house was asleep, of course—and, not satisfied with injuring the dam all they could, broke the water-wheel of the mill, and did a great deal of mischief."

"How mean! how cowardly!" exclaimed the sympathetic Tilly. "How little we know of a story when we have heard only one side!"

"You thought the mill-owners were monsters," laughed Letty. "As obstinate as they were mean; was that the phrase?"

"Don't speak of it!" Tilly threw her hands up to her face. "I never was so ashamed of anything! I can never look them in the face again."

"Don't feel so about it; they will take it as a good joke, that's all. O Tilly! I believe there never were such brothers as these of mine. They are so good to me and Mother! and I know, I know they would never do wrong, even to an enemy."

Tears sprang to Letty's eyes, while Tilly exclaimed fervently:

"I am sure they would n't!"

"But see how they are hated—just because they have rights and interests that are in the way of those selfish Argonauts!"

While they were talking, a man in a blue coat and a cap, with a metallic badge on his breast, came strolling up the Dempford side of the river. He crossed the bridge above, and walking up the road met a man in a gray coat and a hat, coming from the direction of Tammoset village. The

man in gray, it should be said, also had a metallic badge on his breast.

Now when the Dempford man in blue met the Tammoset man in gray, they exchanged smiles and looked at their watches, much as if they had come to that particular spot by appointment; then turned together into the by-road leading to the mill.

"There comes the man we saw on the other side of the river," said Letty. "Another man with him. Business with the boys, I suppose. Oh, I hope it is n't that same old trouble!"

Seeing the girls in the tree, the two strangers turned their steps that way; and the Dempford man in blue, lifting his cap respectfully, inquired:

"Is Mrs. Tinkham here?"

To which the Tammoset man in gray added, also touching his hat with clumsy politeness:

"Mrs. Letitia Tinkham—is she at home?"

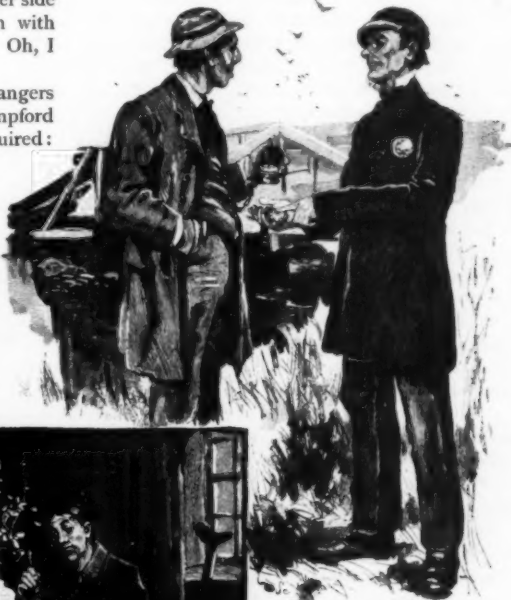
"That is my mother. She is in the house. Do you wish to see her?"

Letty, somewhat wonder-struck, had started up from her seat in the willow, and stood at the end of the plank.

"If you will be so kind," said the Tammoset man in gray.

Each at the same moment extended his document toward the astonished Letty with one hand, and touched hat or cap with the other.

She advanced along the plank to the turf, and received the two envelopes, one in each hand.



THE DEMPFORD MAN IN BLUE,
MEET THE TAMMOSET
MAN IN GRAY.



LETTY DELIVERS THE DOCUMENTS.

"I have a document for her," said the Dempford man in blue.

"A document for her," repeated the Tammoset man in gray.

Each at the same time drew from his breast-pocket an official-looking envelope of large size.

"Please hand it to her," said the Dempford man.

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the Dempford side of the river, while the gray coat and the hat took the road to Tammoset.

"What does it mean? What shall I do with them?" said Letty, in a tremor of doubt over the suspicious-looking envelopes. "Oh, here is Mart!"

"I don't exactly fancy such things just now," said Mart, with a puzzled and scowling expres-

"If you will be so good as to give it to her at once; very important," said the Dempford man in blue.

"Quite important; thank you," said the Tammoset man in gray.

They then retired along the walk, and parted at the end of the by-road, after a brief parley; the cap and the blue coat returning down

sion. "I wonder what sort of dynamite, or other explosive material, those mysterious packages contain."

"Could n't you open one?" Letty asked.

"No, my dear," Mart shook his head. "I never could break a seal addressed to Mother. There's but one thing to do, happen what will. They must be put into her own hands. Lute!" he called, "come into the house with me."

Still looking at the envelopes, he walked slowly toward the door, quickly followed by Lute, who was followed by Rush, who was followed in turn by the two smaller boys.

Lute and Rush, on coming up, also examined the envelopes. They were then returned to Letty.

"They were handed to you, and I'll let you deliver 'em," said Mart. "Go on alone. We'll be at hand if there's need of us. Keep back, you young Tinkhams!"

Tilly, ashamed to face the brothers, remained in the tree.

The widow, seated, with her crutch leaning against the window-pane at her side, had just taken up her sewing, when Letty came into the sitting-room.

"You're a person of great importance all at once, Mother!" she said, with a laughing air. "See what two men have just brought you."

"Brought me?" said Mrs. Tinkham, taking the missives. "This is strange."

She saw the words, "Town of Tammoseet," printed on one of the envelopes, along with the town's coat-of-arms,—a flag-staff with crossed swords,—and added, with a smile:

"Oh! something about taxes, I suppose."

But, before breaking the seal, she looked at the other envelope. That also bore a coat-of-arms,—an Indian in his canoe on a river,—with the words, "Town of Dempford."

"But I don't owe any taxes in the town of Dempford, do I? Of course not."

With hands beginning to tremble she tore the wrapper, and took out a large sheet of letter-paper. The date was filled in after the printed form, "Office of the Town Clerk, Town of Dempford"; then followed the written message:

"MRS. LETITIA TINKHAM.

"MADAM: This is to notify you that the mill-dam appertaining to your property in Tammoseet, which said dam abuts upon the shore of this Town of Dempford, and obstructs the passage of the river, has been declared a nuisance by the authorities of this said town, and you are hereby required to remove said dam within six days from this date.

"Signed by the Town Clerk, by order of the Selectmen."

Instead of trembling more, the widow's hands seemed to grow firmer as she opened the second envelope, and with sparkling eyes and compressed lips read the Tammoseet document:

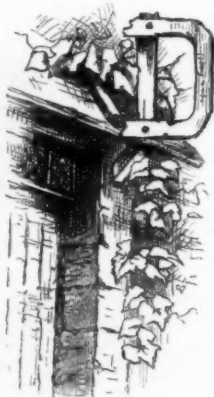
"DEAR MADAM: Complaint being made that your mill-dam on Tammoseet River, in this town, prevents the free passage of yachts and row-boats up and down said river, which is a natural public way, open to all, it is therefore ordered that the obstruction be at once demolished and removed.

"Signed by the Town Clerk of the Town of Tammoseet, by order of the Selectmen."

"Where are the boys?" said the widow, in a quick, suppressed voice, looking up from the papers.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE CRISIS.



READING the effect of the papers upon their mother, the brothers came thronging into the room, and formed an anxious group around the widow's chair.

"Well! here's something pleasant!" she said, handing the papers to the two eldest. "They've been trying to scare you boys, and now they think they can frighten your poor old crippled mother!"

"What is it all about?" cried Rush. "What do you mean by their trying to scare us boys?"

"Why, Rocket!" she said, with a bright smile. "Do you imagine I am so stupid as not to have known anything of your troubles all this time? Oh, you dear, deceitful, naughty, precious children!"

And the bright eyes flashed through tears.

"Oh, Mother!" cried Letty, "have you known?"

"Yes, child; from the very first. I can hardly tell how I found out. It was in the air, as they say. Then I overheard Rupert whispering to Rodman about something I was n't to know, for fear it would make me unhappy. But you see I have n't been so very unhappy, after all."

The tears were dashed resolutely away, and the smile was there still.

"You have kept up, and have let us believe we were hiding it all from you, because you thought that would make us happier! Oh, Mother!"

And Letty fell sobbing upon her neck.

"There! there! This is no time for crying!" said the widow, crying with her the while, and caressing her with fervent affection. "There! Why, I'm as much a baby as you are! You'll spoil my clean collar!"

"You're the most wonderful woman in the

world!" Rush exclaimed, in a gust of feeling that filled his voice and his eyes. "And the best!"

"Did you think the mother of such children would show herself a coward?" cried the widow. "But I let you amuse yourselves with your devices to keep me ignorant, and all the while I was watching you, deceiving you, loving you! What do you say, boys, to those formidable town documents?"

Unmanly as it may seem, those big sons of hers had half forgotten the launched thunderbolts of the local authorities which they held in their hands, and were winking their moist eyes over her surprising revelation.

"You knew Tilly Loring was talking about our dam?" said Rupert.

"Certainly I did! And the young men who came that day to the mill, and the two girls who came the day before—it was all about the dam, was n't it? And don't you sleep in the mill, one of you, every night? I was sure of it!"

"You're a w-w-itch, Mother!" said Lute, wiping his misty spectacles.

"I should n't be the mother of the Tinkham boys if I was a fool! Come in, come in, Tilly!" called the widow, seeing the visitor's face pass the open door. "There are to be no more secrets. You and I have known only a part of the truth; now we are to know all."

"I've told her," said Letty.

"Then I am the only one kept in the dark! Well! I forgive you, because I know you only meant to spare me. What are you afraid of, Tilly? My boys are not the hard-hearted wretches they are thought to be over in Dempford."

"I never was so ashamed of anything in all my life!" said the remorseful Tilly, coming reluctantly into the room.

"You need n't be; it's a part of the fun," laughed Rush.

Hardly re-assured by the cordial pleasantries with which she was received, Tilly sat down quietly in a corner, and heard a history of the troubles, as the boys told it to their mother.

Dushee's duplicity, Buzrow and his crow-bar, the work of the night marauders, the interview with the Argonauts' committee, and, lastly, the missives of the town officers—everything was discussed; and poor Tilly, in listening, burned anew with anger and shame at what she had heard in Dempford, and with sympathy for this noble mother and these brave boys.

"I want to go right back to Dempford," she spoke up earnestly, "and tell my friends there what I now know."

"It would n't be of any use," said Rush. "You could n't do more than Lew Bartland could.

Both towns have gone mad, I believe! Look at these papers!"

"It seems to be a pretty good day for t-t-town clerks and selectmen," said Lute. "Brave in 'em, is n't it, to join in making w-w-war on a woman!"

"I suppose they addressed Mother, because the property is in her name," said Rush. "But look at the meanness of it! Do we live in a free country? or under a tyranny, in an age of persecution? Who is going to obey their royal edicts, anyhow?"

"Mother, of course!" said Rupert. "She's going out there on her crutches, with shovel and tongs, to tear the dam away, because some old fools say she must, I fancy!"

"Or she can tell you and me to do it, Rupe," said Rodman. "And we will—when we get ready."

"Snap your fingers at the Dempford and Tam-moset selectmen. I would!" Rupe rejoined.

"Snapping our fingers is all very fine," said the widow, once more reaching out her hand for the papers. "But let's see first what ground we have to stand on while we snap. This action of the two towns makes the matter look serious. What right have they to order the dam away?"

"About as much, I imagine," said Mart, handing the papers, which he had been studying in silence, "as they would have to order us to take our house away because it cuts off somebody's view. That is, if our dam has a right to be where it is. That's the main question."

"If the Argonauts have no right to meddle with it, then all the towns in the c-c-county have no right," said Lute. "They are just trying to b-b-bluff us; that's all."

"You have n't been much frightened yet, boys; and I glory in your spirit. But I'm afraid there's no shirking the fact that we have got into a terrible situation here by buying out Dushee. We have everything at stake; and in maintaining our rights, we must know just what our rights are. One of you must go to town at once and see your uncle's lawyer, who looked up the title for you."

All concurred in the wisdom of this step. The mother thought Martin should attend to a matter of so much importance. But he said:

"It stands in hand to keep as strong a force as possible here at the dam, about these times. Rocket is quick with a bean-pole; but I suppose I could do more effective work, in case of an attack. In matters of business, though, he's as level-headed as any of us; and I say, let him slip into town and talk with the lawyer."

"You're right," said the mother; "Rocket shall go."

Rush shrank from so great a responsibility.

"Just think," he said, "what a fix I have got you all in, by hunting up this place and making you buy it! Don't trust me again."

"Tut! tut!" cried the widow. "Nobody blames you for that, and you sha'n't blame yourself. See what train you can get, and be off."

In half an hour he was on his way to town. Mrs. Tinkham was left alone with Letty and their guest, and the older boys had returned to the mill.

In the interval of slack water, that afternoon, they showed their determination to keep the dam, and their defiance of the authorities of both towns, by an act which astonished some Argonauts who witnessed it, on going up the river.

Without waiting for Rocket's return with the lawyer's latest counsel, they rebuilt the platform at the end of the dam, and put in the required fish-way.

"We'll let 'em know we mean b-b-business," said Lute.

CHAPTER XXII.

WHAT THE LAWYER SAID.



T WAS late that evening when Rush returned home and entered his mother's room with an unusually serious air. He found Mart talking with her, and Lute followed him in.

"What makes you so sober, Rocket?" Lute asked. "No bad news from the l-l-lawyer, I hope?"

Rush explained. He had found Uncle Dave in his shop, and they had gone together to the lawyer's office.

"Then I went home to supper with Uncle; and I have just spent an hour in Cousin Tom's sick-room. I can't help feeling bad, for I don't expect ever to see him alive again."

Then he had to tell all about their cousin before the business was again mentioned which made them all so anxious.

"As to that," Rush then said, brightening, "it is all right! I had a long talk with Mr. Keep in Uncle's presence, and I have written down the most important things he said."

Mrs. Tinkham nodded approvingly, as he drew from his pocket a paper, which he unfolded.

"He says, since we own one bank of the river, and have secured by purchase a privilege on the opposite bank, we have a right to construct and maintain a dam which does not change the course of the stream, nor injure anybody by setting back

the water. Of course, I told him, nobody claimed that we do that."

Rush continued, bending toward the light on his mother's table, and looking over his memorandum:

"He says, if we have n't that right, then nobody has a private right to dam any mill-stream in the country. A dam, wherever placed, is liable to be in the way of somebody; but if the fisherman or boatman who finds it an obstacle has a right to destroy it, where is there an unchartered dam that would be safe? The fact that, instead of two or three persons, two or three hundred wish it away, or even all the inhabitants of two towns,—that, he says, makes no difference. If we have a right to our mill-power against the wishes of one individual, we have a right to it against the world. Only legislative enactments can touch it."

Lute clapped his hands gleefully.

"Let the Argonauts put that in their pipe and smoke it," drawled Mart. "Go ahead, Rocket."

"There is only one question—is this a navigable stream? For, of course, no person has any right to obstruct navigation."

"He told us once it could n't come under the legal definition of a navigable stream," said Mart. "That's what I've relied on."

"You can rely on it still," replied Rush. "To make sure, I had him show me something on the subject he quoted from Chief-justice Shaw; and I copied it."

"Rocket, you're the joy of my heart!" cried his mother, delighted.

"In the case of Rowe *versus* Granite Bridge Company, Chief-justice Shaw says: 'It is not every small creek, in which a fishing-skiff or gunning-canoe can be made to float at high water, which is deemed navigable. But it must be navigable,'"

"to some purpose useful to trade or agriculture."

"P-p-precisely!" stammered Lute.

"The business of these pleasure-boats that find our dam a nuisance," Mart remarked, in his dryest manner, "is trade and agriculture at a tremendous rate!"

"He showed me something similar in two or three other cases," said Rush. "Important decisions, all to the same effect. Boys!" he added, triumphantly, "if language means anything, and if Chief-justice Shaw knew more law than the Argonauts, then this is not a navigable stream, and we have a right to dam it."

"What did he say to the orders sent us by the two towns?" Mrs. Tinkham inquired.

"He laughed at 'em. He said just what Mart said—that they might as well order us to take our house or barn away. The fact that the dam has been there so many years, without being seriously

objected to, makes our position all the stronger," Rush added, again referring to his memorandum. "And the other question—about defending it?" Mart asked.

"You have the same right which every man has to defend his property. You can use all the force necessary to drive away assailants. Knocking them on the head will be good for 'em."

Rush laughed as he read. He had even that down in his memorandum.

"I trust it wont come to that," drawled Mart. "But it's well to know just what our rights are. 'Strong reasons make strong actions,' as Father used to say."

"And as Shakespeare said before him. Your father was a reader of Shakespeare," said Mrs. Tinkham. After a pause, she added: "But, oh, boys! it does seem as if there must be some way to settle these troubles without a resort to brute force! What did your uncle advise?"

"To keep within the law, and get along peaceably if we can, but to fight it out if we must."

"Exactly our p-p-position all the time," said Lute.

"He thinks we should try to influence public opinion by talking with prominent men, and by making a candid statement of our case in the newspapers."

"Excellent advice," said the widow. "I am sure the prejudice against us all arises from a misunderstanding. We will begin with that."

"We may as well reason with the w-w-wind," said Lute. "Though it wont do any harm to try. If we knew how to g-g-go to work."

"I'll think it over," his mother replied. "We can do nothing now until Monday."

But before she slept that night the widow had written for the two-headed local newspaper an appeal to the public, full of plain facts and good sense, yet burning with the eloquence of a mother pleading for justice to her boys.

"One thing," Rush said to his brothers as they went out together, "I forgot to mention. See here!"

He picked up a small bundle, which he had dropped by the doorstep on returning home.

"What in time is it?" said Mart.

"It's the lasso Cousin Tom brought home from Texas two years ago, and which he tried to teach us how to throw, you remember."

"The lasso! Ho, ho!" said Mart. "I do remember; and I don't believe I've forgotten our practice, either."

"It's the b-b-best hint yet," said Lute. "I wonder it had n't oc-c-curred to us."

"He said it might come in play," laughed Rush.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WHAT THE LOCAL EDITOR SAID.



MR. TINKHAM'S appeal to the public having been read and approved by the boys, it was decided that it ought to go into the next issue of the Janus-faced newspaper. It was put into Rush's hands, and early Monday forenoon he took it to the printing-office in Dempford.

He found the editor in his shirt-sleeves, setting type for his paper with his own hands. As that guardian of the public interests of two towns seemed inclined to finish his stick before attending to other business, Rush could not help glancing at the "copy" he was at work on—a strip of manuscript, stuck up before him on the case.

It was entitled, "A New Yacht and an Old Nuisance."

"Something for Mart's scrap-book," Rush said to himself. And, since it was evidently designed for the public eye, he ventured to read a little of it in advance.

He had skimmed along far enough to see that it was extravagantly laudatory of Commodore Foote and his yacht, and violently abusive of the dam, "which proved a serious hindrance to that fine new craft in its passage up the river last Friday," when the type-setter looked up and saw what he was doing.

But that personage did not appear in the least displeased; on the contrary, he smiled at Rush's indiscretion, remarking:

"Guess that'll tickle the boys some, wont it?"

"No doubt it will tickle a good many," replied Rush. "But there are some it wont tickle."

"Who are they?" inquired the editor, in some surprise.

"The Tinkham boys," said Rush.

"Who cares for the Tinkham boys?" said the editor. "They've got no friends."

"They're not overrun with them," said Rush.

"If they were, I suppose we should see fewer articles of that sort."

"Well!" exclaimed the editor, turning, and for the first time looking the visitor full in the face. "I thought I knew you, but I see I don't. You're a curiosity!"

"Am I, though?" said Rush, smiling.

"Yes!" said the editor, with good-humored frankness. "You're the first fellow I've seen take their part."

"You have n't seen me take their part," replied Rush. "Though I don't know why I should n't." "You know them?"

"Pretty well. I ought to. I am one of them."

"Is it possible!" said the astonished local editor. "You! I thought they were great rough rowdies!"

"Am not I a great rough rowdy?" Rush asked.

"Well, I have two brothers older and larger than I, but not a bit rougher or more rowdyish. I felt sure that you had been misinformed in regard to us, and for that reason I have called to see you."

"Walk in here; sit down," said the local editor, showing a door that opened into a small, littered editorial room. "I shall be glad to talk," removing some newspapers from a chair. "What can I do for you?"

"Justice, I hope. That's all we ask."

Rush smiled to see that his presence was embarrassing to this disseminator of local prejudices.

"Here is a brief statement of the facts in our case," taking his mother's appeal from his pocket, "which we should like to have you print. If you will take the trouble to read it, you will see what I mean."

The editor looked it through with a perturbed countenance, then appeared to be bracing himself for an act of firmness.

"Do you expect me to put such an article as that into my paper?" he asked, turning to Rush.

"We hoped you would. We supposed you would wish to be fair to both sides."

"Fair—certainly! But"—the editor struck the paper on his desk—"I could n't print an article like that for any consideration!"

"Why not?"

"Because—obviously—don't you see?—it would n't do!"

Rush persisted in wishing to know why it would n't do.

"You never had experience with a local weekly, or you would n't need to be told," said the editor, showing some irritation. "My readers would n't stand it, and it would make a hum about my ears that I could n't stand."

"Then you print only what you think will please your readers?" said Rush.

"In one sense, yes," replied the editor, frankly.

"Excuse me," said Rush. "I thought the

business of a newspaper was to lead public opinion, and to correct it where it was wrong."

This was one of the phrases his mother had armed him with, and it came in aptly here. The editor colored deeply through his thick, sallow skin.

"That is incidental. We publish a newspaper mainly for the same reason that you make dolls' carriages."

"We try to make good, honest dolls' carriages," said Rush—"genuine in every part. We would n't make any others."

The editor coughed, colored still more confusedly, glanced once more at the article, and finally handed it back.

"I should lose forty subscribers if I printed it; and of course you can't expect me to be such a fool. I wish to be fair to both sides, as you say; but in this matter there is really but one side—that of the public interest. Ninety-nine persons out of every hundred in this community wish the dam away, and I am not going to swamp my business by opposing them. I don't know anything about you and your brothers; I've nothing against you, personally. But you're in an unfortunate position, and you must get out of it the best way you can. That's my candid opinion."

"Thank you!" Rush returned the paper to his pocket, and was taking leave so quietly that the editor followed him to the outer door, thinking he saw a chance for a little stroke of business.

"I believe your family is not represented in my list of subscribers."

"I rather think not!" replied Rush, with a smile.

"You'll find my columns full of matters of local interest; always fresh and timely. I should like your subscription."

"We'll think of it," said Rush, dryly, and withdrew in the midst of the editor's explanation that the *Tammoset Times* and the *Dempford Gazette* were the same paper, and they could have it, under either name, at two dollars a year, in advance.

"I've kept my temper, and that's about all I have done," thought Rush, as he walked away.

The editor meanwhile returned to his case of type, and resumed work on the "fresh and timely" article concerning "A New Yacht and an Old Nuisance."

The Tinkhams made two or three more attempts to combat the general prejudice, but succeeded only in discovering how strong and how widespread it was, and how completely men of influence were under its control. Politicians and public officers were, in fact, as fearful of losing place and votes as the editor had been of losing subscribers,

by seeming to favor in any way the cause of the widow and her sons.

Then came a sudden interruption to these efforts. A dispatch was received, announcing the death of Cousin Tom; and the boys must attend his funeral.

"We'll risk the dam for an afternoon," said Mart, "no matter what happens."

The Argonauts had continued so very quiet, and the brothers had got the idea so firmly fixed in

their minds that the next attack would be in the night-time, that they did not consider the risk very great.

All the family accordingly attended Tom's funeral, except the mother, who staid at home on account of her lameness.

She afterward had reason to wish that she had gone, too. Better have been anywhere that afternoon, she declared, than at home without her boys!

(To be continued.)

SIGNS OF MAY.

BY M. M. D.



MAY day and June day,
 Spring and Summer weather,
 Going to rain; going to clear;
 Trying both together.
 Flowers are coming! No, they 're not,
 Whilst the air 's so chilly;
 First it 's cold, then it 's hot—
 Is n't weather silly?
 S'pose the little v'lets think
 Spring is rather funny,
 So they hide themselves away,
 Even where it 's sunny.
 S'pose the trees must think it 's time
 To begin their growing.
 See the little swelling buds!
 See how plain they 're showing!
 S'pose they know they 're going to make
 Peaches, apples, cherries.
 Even vines and bushes know
 When to start their berries.
 Only little girls like me
 Don't know all about it:
 May be, though, the reason is
 We can do without it.
 Winter-time and Summer-time
 We keep on a-growing;
 So, you see, we need n't be—
 Like the flowers, and like the trees,
 And the birds and bumble-bees—
 Always wise and knowing.

A KANSAS NURSERY.

BY ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS.



"THE baby?" we asked, as with mop and broom
 Its mother came to the ranch one day.
 "Oh, she's *picketed out* across the way!
 I dare not leave her alone in the room."

And the busy mother looked for a tub,
 While we saddled our horses and rode to see
 How the lonely baby fared, while we
 Had stolen its mother to sweep and scrub.



For the babies we were accustomed to
 Could never have kept their silk and lace
 And little be-ribboned hats in place,
 With only a tree for their nurse, we knew.

But this Kansas baby had no hat;
 And it laughed as if it thought silk and lace
 Would have been entirely out of place
 On a prairie,—or, for the matter of that,





Anywhere else. It could only go
The length of the rope; but its little feet
Pattered about where the grass was sweet,
Just as it pleased; and that, you know,

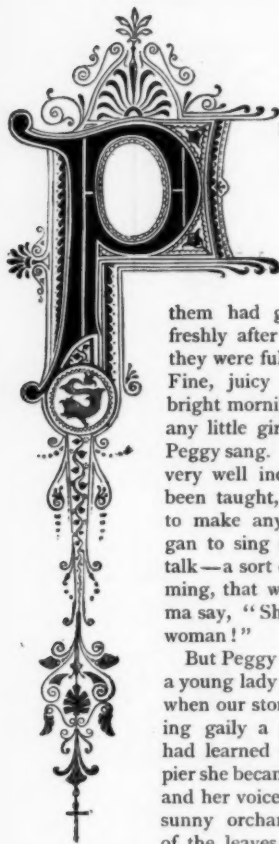
Is more than the city babies do:
For, trundled under the city trees,
They are carried just where the nurses please,
Which I should n't like at all; should you?

As I thought it over, it seemed to me
That a city darling has less to hope,
"Picketed out" with invisible rope
To a somewhat less reliable tree!



PEGGY'S TRIAL.

BY CORA LINN DANIELS.



PEGGY was out in the orchard picking up apples. They were summer apples—yellow, crisp, and so ripe that they would crack open just as easy! And some of them had grown so fast and so freshly after the late showers, that they were full of water at the core! Fine, juicy apples and a clear, bright morning are enough to make any little girl happy. No wonder Peggy sang. And Peggy could sing very well indeed. She had never been taught, but that did n't seem to make any difference. She began to sing even before she could talk—a sort of pleasant little humming, that would make her grandma say, “She will make a cheerful woman!”

But Peggy was getting to be quite a young lady; and, on the morning when our story opens, she was singing gaily a pretty little song she had learned at school. The happier she became the louder she sang; and her voice rang out through the sunny orchard until the shadows of the leaves on the grass actually seemed to dance about with pleasure, and chase each other, first this way and then that, sometimes hitting a golden apple, sometimes darkening the rose in a clover-head, sometimes making a little mask on Peggy's upturned face, almost as if they would like to kiss her white forehead. I suppose it was the breeze sweeping softly among the branches that made the shadows dance so, but it seemed as if they danced to Peggy's singing. She had nearly filled her basket, and was about to pick up the last tempting-looking globe, when she saw something sparkle very brilliantly in the grass. Stooping quickly, but not ceasing in her song, she picked up the shining thing, and looking at it in amazement, became dumb with surprise. It was a lovely diamond ring! Peggy counted the sparkling stones. One, two, three, *eight* glowing, bewitching bits of color and shine, reflecting the trees and the sky, the apples

and the clover. She could see every shade of the rainbow in the precious jewel, and she was almost wild with delight. She slipped it on her finger, looking at it first in this way, and then in that. She could hardly take her eyes from it. “Well,” said she, “I *am* so glad!” Just then, “Peggy! Peggy!” came pleasantly from the house. “I must go,” said she to herself. “Grandma is calling. What will she say to this? Why, she will say it is not mine, and that I must not keep it; I know she will! But it *is* mine. I found it in our orchard, and I know it is mine. I will keep it. I never had so lovely a thing before, and I mean to *keep* it.” Peggy said this to herself out loud, and shook her head hard. Then she put the ring in her little pocket, and, picking up the basket, started for the house. “I will not tell her yet,” said she to herself. “I will think it over.”

When she got to the great, breezy kitchen, her dear grandma was “up to her ears in flour”—as she herself would have expressed it—making pies. “Oh!” said she, with a cheery laugh, when Peggy came in, tugging the heavy basket along in both hands, “my little ‘help’ has arrived. I am going to make a turn-over for my ‘help.’ But, Peggy, what is the matter? What has happened? Are you unhappy, dear?”

“No, ma'am,” said Peggy, rather sullenly, “I'm not.” And then she blushed. She thought to herself: “I wonder if it shows right in my face, that Grandma can see something *has* happened? I don't believe I am very happy, either. I don't feel so glad as I did.”

On the first opportunity she ran upstairs and hid the ring in her own little chest. It had a till in it—just the cunningest place to hide any little object! When she tucked it away, she again almost kissed the beautiful stones—they were so like icicles and sunsets, and everything pretty and fairy-like she had ever dreamed of.

She was eleven years old, and had been quite a reader. She knew that diamonds were very valuable, and had even read in her “Child's Philosophy of Little Things” of what they were composed, and how difficult it was to obtain them. “I have a fortune of my own now,” she said to herself, as she shut down the cover of her chest and turned the key. “I am a rich lady; and if I ever want to sell my beautiful ring I can buy ever so many things with it—books, and pretty dresses, and even a necklace like Cora May's! Hum! I guess

if the girls knew what I have got they would not put on so many airs over their little gold-heart rings and coral chains. I should just like to show *my* lovely diamond once!"

Then she began to sing, but in the very first line of the song she stopped. She turned a little pale, and stood looking out of the hall window with a strange sort of stare. Before her spread the summer scene. The old windmill swung its great sails about lazily. Robins and sparrows chirped and twittered busily. The old-fashioned garden, with its troop of herbs and flowers, its shrubs and bushes, half clipped, half straggling, sent up a subtle fragrance, and ever and anon the little brook could be heard rippling over the stones by the bridge, where she had so many times waded and "had fun" with her little friends.

But Peggy did not notice anything of this. She was thinking: "I don't feel like singing; but I can't, I *won't*, give up my splendid ring. If I tell of it, Grandma will tell all the neighbors, and the owner will be found and claim it. It is not the owner's any more. They should not have lost it. I found it, and now it is mine. I don't care if I can't sing. I can look at my ring whenever I please." Upon this she began to cry as though her heart would break, just to prove how happy she was in doing wrong. But in a few minutes she brushed away her tears, for she was a resolute little girl, and went down-stairs.

"Why, Peggy, you must be sick, dear. You have been crying, I am sure," said her loving grandmother immediately. "Or are you unhappy? Come to me, child, and tell me all about it. Do! I know I can help my little girl."

"Grandma," said Peggy, pettishly, "I have only a headache. I have nothing to tell." ("That was not true," she added to herself, with the justice and severity of a judge.) Peggy was no ignorant wrong-doer. She knew as well as you and I do, dear reader, that she was going away from all the pure and good things which she had ever been taught. Just then a neighbor came in. Her name was Mrs. Smart. She always knew all the news of the neighborhood just as soon as it happened—sometimes before!

"They've had a great time up to the boarding-house," said she.

Now, Grandma did not like to listen to the stories which Mrs. Smart was so apt to tell. She knew that very often they turned out to be false, and in any case they were gossip. Every school-girl and school-boy knows what gossip is. When you grow up, I hope you will not get to be like Mrs. Smart. If you do, you will pry and peak and ask questions, and hint around until you find some little thing that you can twist into a story

against somebody,—(never *for* anybody, be sure of that!)—and then you will go from house to house to tell the evil thing you have imagined, thus doing injury to innocent people, and meddling with matters which do not concern you.

"Yes," said Mrs. Smart, "they've had a great time up there. One of the fine ladies has lost her diamond ring. It was stolen from her by a chambermaid. Poor gyurl! I do pity her, if she is a thief! There she sits a-cryin'! The lady knows it was that gyurl, for she was the last person in the room, and the lady is sure that she left her ring on the bureau, and when she came up to breakfast it was gone, and the gyurl herself said nobody else had been in the room! They've searched her trunks and can't find nothin', but they made such a fuss that Mr. Laird has discharged the poor thing, and she's agoin'."

"What lady was it?" questioned Grandma, for she was quite interested.

"'T was that Miss Dulcimer that was down here a-tryin' to buy your chiney t' other day. She feels very badly, too! 'T was her mother's ring, and folks say 't was worth four hundred dollars!"

Peggy trembled with excitement, but her voice was pretty calm as she said: "Which way did she go home from here, Grandma? Was it while I was at school?"

"Yes; it was day before yesterday, in the afternoon. She went up to the boarding-house through the orchard, because it was cooler, she said."

"Well," said Mrs. Smart, "I must go, for I want to see that guilty gyurl off. She was a-sittin' in the kitchen cryin' as if her heart would break, and a-tellin' how she never done no such thing; but you never can tell! Those gyurls are so deceivin'. I presume she's got the ring somewhere about her clothes now. At any rate, she won't get another place very soon. I kinder pity her, and yet it serves her right."

"Is she going away?" asked Grandma.

"Yes; in the stage,—why, I hear it now,—good-bye. I'm agoin' to see how she takes it when she goes!"

Peggy sprang upstairs like a deer. She went straight to her chest. Through the window came the rumble of the stage, nearer and nearer. In a minute or two it would reach the boarding-house, and go on. Peggy looked for the key. It was not under the mat, as usual. Where could it be? Peggy tried to think, but her head seemed in a whirl. "What *could* I have done with the key?" she sobbed. Putting her hand up to her neck, she happened to feel a little ribbon. "Oh, yes," she sighed in relief. She had tied the key to a ribbon, and placed it about her neck; for now that she had a diamond ring in her chest, she would have to be

more careful, she had said to herself. But the ribbon was tied in a hard knot, and was too strong to break. The ominous rumble had stopped; the stage had reached the boarding-house. "What *shall* I do?" groaned Peggy, her heart beating with fright and anxiety. "Oh! I *must* get into my chest." Then she saw a penknife on the table. In an instant she had cut the ribbon and unlocked the chest, caught up the ring, and run down-stairs. Her grandma called, "Where are you going?" but she dashed like a whirlwind through the kitchen, cleared the two steps at a bound, and went up the road like a flash. How she ran! Her heart beat like a trip-hammer, but her ears were wide open to catch the sound of the stage. Round the corner, by the end of the orchard, she still kept on; but just as she came in front of the trim croquet-ground, she saw the stage start off from the door.

After it she sped with all her might. The summer boarders were all collected in front of the house. Mrs. Smart was by the road, watching the last tears of the unfortunate maid; some fashionable city children, whom Peggy had always feared, and almost disliked, because they were so "airy," as she called it, were right in her path; but she went after the stage as if her life depended on it. "Whoa!" she cried. "Stop! Whoa! Driver! Driver! Stop!" ("Oh, dear!"—under her breath—"I can never make him hear. I can; I will!") "Stop!" she screamed, this time with all her little might, and, as she had almost reached the stage, the driver heard, and brought his horses to a standstill.

"Which is the girl?" said Peggy, breathlessly, adding, as she caught sight of the poor maid: "Here's the ring! You must get out and go back! You must! I found it. I'll tell them. Come!"

The girl gave a cry of joy, and immediately got out of the stage.

"Yes," said she to the astonished driver, "you must put my trunk down, for I shall not go. They will all see I did not steal the ring now!" and, as he complied with her order, she clasped Peggy to her heart and said: "You dear little girl! How good of you to run so! How glad I am you found it! I can never thank you enough."

Peggy was panting and half sobbing, but she went with the happy maid to the house, and handed the ring to the delighted Miss Dulcimer.

"Where did you find it, you splendid child?" said that gushing person, who had not been kind and just enough to make *sure* before she had had the unoffending maid discharged. "I want to make you a little present, to show my gratitude. Here are ten dollars, and I can not say how very thankful I am to you for being so honest and good."

"I was not honest at all," said Peggy, whose flaming cheeks and excited eyes made her look very pretty indeed. "I thank you very much, but I don't want any present. I don't deserve it. Yes, I will take it, though," she added; and, having taken the bill in her hand, she said to the maid, who was standing by, a silent witness of the scene: "You deserve it much more than I; keep it," and with a half laugh, half sob, she put the bill into the maid's hand, and fled out of the room and down the lane without another word. It was not very polite, but she really could n't stay there another minute. She wanted to get to her dear grandma, and be comforted and forgiven. She ran down home almost as fast as she had come up the hill; but this time she was not anxious or unhappy. She noticed the sweet smell of a bed of mignonettes in the door-yard, and heard one of her doves "co-roo, co-roo" on the roof as she went in. Grandma met her, looking worried and troubled. "Peggy," said she, rather severely, "how strangely you act this morning. What is the matter with you?"

Then Peggy put her arms around her grandma's neck, and told her everything about it—how she had found the ring and was bound to keep it, and felt so wicked, and then was so frightened for fear she should not be able to save the poor, wronged girl; and how she ran and how she made the driver hear, and all about it from beginning to end; and even how she could not sing as she stood by the window that morning. "But I can sing now, Grandma!" she exclaimed, and broke into a little trill as happy and free as any bird's.

"Yes, dear," said Grandma, with a smile, "you can sing even more happily than ever, for you have learned to-day what a terrible thing it is to carry, even for one moment, the sense that you are doing wrong, and also the peace that comes from resisting temptation and obeying the voice of conscience."

And when, next morning, Peggy went out into the orchard to pick up some more apples, she sang as blithely as ever, and had not a sad thought in her mind.



"SPRING"-TIME IN THE COUNTRY.

STORIES OF ART AND ARTISTS—TWELFTH PAPER.

BY CLARA ERSKINE CLEMENT.

ANTON VANDYCK.

THE greatest painter among the pupils of Rubens was Anton or Anthony Vandyck (or Van Dyck, as it is also spelled). He was born at Antwerp in 1599. His father was a silk-merchant, and his mother was a lady of artistic tastes; though she had twelve children, she yet found time to do much embroidery and tapestry work. She had a daughter named Susannah, and it may have been on account of this child that her finest work was a large piece on which the story of Susannah was represented. She was occupied with this before the birth of Anthony, who was her seventh child, and during his early years she skillfully plied her needle, and wrought her many-colored silks into landscapes and skies, trees and houses, men and

animals, with untiring patience and uncommon excellence.

It is easy to understand that this mother must have rejoiced to find that Anthony had artistic talent, and it is probable that it was through her influence that he became a pupil under the artist Heinrich von Balen when he was but ten years old. He was still a boy, not more than seventeen, when he entered the studio of Rubens, just at the time when the great master was devoting himself to his art with his whole soul, and had a large number of young students under his direction.

Vandyck soon became the favorite pupil of Rubens, and was early allowed to do such work as proved that the great artist even then appreciated the genius of the brilliant and attractive youth—for such we are told that Vandyck was. Among

other things, Rubens intrusted to Vandyck the labor of making drawings from his pictures, to be used by the engravers who made prints after his works, for which there was a great demand at this time. It was necessary that these drawings should be very exact, so that the engravings should be as

the school. After a consultation, they begged Vandyck to restore the injured picture. With some hesitation he did so, and to the eyes of the pupils it was so well done that they counted on escaping discovery. The keen eye of the master, however, detected the work of another hand than his own; he summoned all the pupils and demanded an explanation, and when he knew all that had happened, he made no comment. It has even been said that he was so well pleased that he left the picture as Vandyck had restored it. Some writers say that this accident happened to the face of the Virgin and the arm of the Magdalen, in the great picture of the "Descent from the Cross," now in the Antwerp Cathedral; but we are not at all certain of the truth of this statement.

In 1618, Vandyck was admitted into the Guild of Painters at Antwerp, a great honor to a youth of nineteen. In 1620, Rubens advanced him from the rank of a pupil to that of an assistant, and in 1623, when Rubens made a contract to decorate the Jesuit Church at Antwerp, a clause was inserted which provided that Vandyck should be employed in the work, showing that he then had a good reputation in his native city. It was about 1618 when an agent of the Earl of Arundel wrote to his employer: "Vandyck lives with Rubens, and his works are beginning to be almost as much esteemed as those of his master. He is a young man of one-and-twenty, with a very rich father and mother in this city, so that it will be very difficult to persuade him to leave this country, especially since he sees the fortune that Rubens is acquiring."

This hint was enough for the Earl of Arundel, who was a great patron of the arts, and he immediately began to make such offers to Vandyck as would induce him to go to England. Rubens, on the other hand, urged his pupil to go to Italy; but at last, in 1620, while Rubens was absent in Paris, Vandyck went to England. Very little is known of this, his first visit there, beyond the fact that it is recorded on the books of the Exchequer that King James I. gave him one hundred pounds for some special service; and again, in 1621, the records show that Vandyck was called "His Majesty's servant," and was granted a pass to travel for eight months. It is not known, however, that he went again to England until some years later, when Charles I. was king.



HEAD OF A GRANDEE. (FROM A PORTRAIT BY VANDYCK.)

nearly like the original works as possible; and the fact that Vandyck, when still so young, was chosen for this important task, proves that he must have been unusually skillful and correct in his drawings.

Rubens left his studio but rarely, and when he did so, his pupils were in the habit of bribing his old servant to unlock the door of his private room, that they might see what the master had done. The story goes that, on one occasion, just at evening, when the master was riding, the scholars, as they looked at his work, jostled each other and injured the picture, which was not yet dry. They were filled with alarm, and feared expulsion from

In 1622, Vandyck was invited to the Hague by Frederick of Nassau, Prince of Orange. While there he painted some fine portraits, but he was suddenly called home by the illness of his father, who died soon after his son reached his side. The Dominican Sisters had nursed his father with great tenderness, and before his death he obtained a promise from Anthony to paint a picture for the Sisterhood. Seven years later he fulfilled his promise, and painted a Crucifixion, with St. Dominick and St. Catherine near by. There was a rock at the foot of the cross, on which he placed this curious inscription, in Latin: "Lest the earth should be heavy upon the remains of his father, Anthony van Dyck moved this rock to the foot of the cross, and gave it to this place." In 1785, this picture was bought for the Academy of Antwerp, where it now is.

Rubens advised Vandyck to devote himself especially to portrait-painting, and it has been said that he did this because he was jealous of the great talent of his pupil. But time has proved that it was the wisest and most friendly counsel that he could have given him. As a portrait-painter Vandyck ranks beside Titian, and they two excel all others in that special art—in the period, too, when it reached the highest excellence it has ever known.

When Vandyck was ready to go to Italy he made a farewell visit to Rubens, and presented him with three of his pictures. One of these, "The Romans Seizing Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane," Rubens hung in the principal room of his house, and was never weary of praising it. The master returned his pupil's generosity by presenting him with one of his finest horses. Vandyck made his first stop at Savelthem, a village near Brussels. Here he fell in love with a girl named Anna van Ophem, and forgot Italy and his art while gazing in her face and wandering by her side through the fair valley in which she dwelt. But Anna regretted his idleness, and was curious to see the pictures that



PORTRAIT OF CHARLES I. (BY VANDYCK.)

he could paint. Finally, he yielded to her persuasions, and painted two pictures for the parish church of Savelthem.

One of these was a "Holy Family," in which the Virgin was a portrait of Anna, while St. Joachim and St. Anna represented her father and mother. This picture he gave to the church. It has long since disappeared, and it is said that it was used to make grain-bags by French foragers. The second picture, for which he was paid, represented St. Martin of Tours, when he divided his cloak with two beggars. The saint was a portrait of Vandyck himself, and the horse he rode was painted from that which Rubens had given him. This picture was very dear to the people of Savelthem, and when, in 1758, they discovered that the parish priest had agreed to sell it, they armed themselves with pitchforks and other homely weapons, and, surrounding the church, insisted that the picture should not be removed. In 1806, however, they were powerless before the French soldiers, and though they loved their saint as dearly as ever, he was borne away to Paris and placed in the gallery of the Louvre, where he remained until 1815, when he was taken again to Savelthem and restored to his original place. It is also said that, in 1850, a rich American offered \$20,000 to any one who would bring this picture to him, no matter how it was obtained. Some rogues tried to steal it, but the watch-dogs of Savelthem barked so furiously that the men of the village were alarmed, and rushed to the church so quickly that the robbers scarcely escaped. Since then a guard sleeps in the church, and St. Martin is undisturbed, and may always be seen there dividing his cloak and teaching the lesson of that Christian charity for which his own life was remarkable.

When Rubens heard of this long stay in Savelthem he was much displeased, and wrote to Vandyck such letters as induced him to go to Venice, where he studied the portraits of Giorgione and Titian with great profit. His industry was untiring, and he made many copies, besides painting some original pictures. From Venice Vandyck went to Genoa, where Rubens had formerly been so much admired that his pupil was sure to be well received. Being welcomed for his master's sake, he soon made himself beloved for his own: for Vandyck was elegant and refined in his manners, and these qualities, in addition to his artistic powers, gained for him all the patronage that he desired. Many of the portraits which he then painted in Genoa are still seen in its splendid palaces.

When Vandyck went to Rome, he was invited by the Cardinal Bentivoglio to make one of his family. This prelate had been a papal ambassador in Flanders, and had a fondness for the country and its

people. He was therefore very friendly to Vandyck, and employed him to paint a Crucifixion, and a portrait of himself. This portrait is now one of the treasures of the Pitti Gallery, in Florence. A copy made by John Smybert, a Scotch artist, who came to Boston early in the last century, hangs in one of the halls of Harvard College.

Vandyck found that the Flemish artists in Rome were a rude and uncongenial company, and he avoided their society. This so affronted them that they became his enemies, and he shortened his stay in Rome on that account, and returned to Genoa two years after he had left it. There he found a charming friend in Sofonisba Anguisciola. She had been a noted painter, and though she was now blind and ninety-one years old, Vandyck was accustomed to say that he learned more of the principles of art from her than from the works of the most celebrated masters. Vandyck visited Palermo, Turin, Florence, and other cities, but spent most of his time in Genoa until 1626, when he returned to Antwerp.

It was some time before the artist met with any success at home which at all compared with that he had achieved in Italy. In 1628, he received an order for a picture of "St. Augustine in Ecstasy," for the Church of the Augustines in Antwerp. He painted the saint in light vestments, and the brotherhood insisted that they should be changed to black. This so interfered with the distribution of the light that the whole effect of the picture was spoiled.

Again he was employed to paint a picture for the church at Courtrai. It is said that the canons insisted upon seeing the work before it was raised to its place; and, not being able to judge of what it would be when hung, they were not pleased with it. They called Vandyck a "dauber," and left him. After a time they found that they had made a mistake, and asked Vandyck to paint two other pictures for them, but he replied: "There are already daubers enough in Courtrai without summoning those of Antwerp," and took no further notice of them. This story, however interesting, does not accord with the fact that one of his finest works is the "Elevation of the Cross," still in the Church of Notre Dame at Courtrai. It has been called "one of the most admirable masterpieces that the art of painting has ever produced."

During the five years that Vandyck remained in Flanders and Holland, he painted almost numberless portraits of royal and distinguished persons, and more than thirty religious pictures for churches and public places in the Low Countries. The value of many of these works is now almost fabulous. I must tell you one anecdote of this time: On one occasion Vandyck was at Haarlem,



VAN DYCK PAINTING THE CHILDREN OF CHARLES I.

the home of Franz Hals, a noted Dutch portrait-painter. Vandyck went to his studio, but, as usual, Hals was at the tavern. Vandyck sent for him, saying that a stranger wished his portrait painted, and had but two hours to stay for it. Hals seized a canvas and finished the picture within the given time. Vandyck praised it warmly, and said: "Painting seems such a simple thing that I should like to try what I can do at it." Hals changed places with him, and the visitor painted the second portrait as quickly as the first had been made. When Hals saw the picture, he embraced the painter and cried: "You are Vandyck! No other could do what you have now done!"

In 1632, after many preliminaries, Vandyck was called to the service of Charles I. of England. He was welcomed by the King, who appointed him court-painter, with a salary of £200 a year, and three months after his arrival in London conferred on him the honor of knighthood. From the day he reached England, Vandyck was the fashion there. His elegant and courtly manners, and his style of living when in Rome, had gained for him the title of "*Il pittore Cavalieresco*" (the noble or generous painter), and now, in England, he indulged in lavish hospitality. He often entertained his sitters at dinner, in order to study their expression, and even the King visited his house without ceremony. He was liberal to musicians and men of genius, and made himself popular with many classes. As the result of all this, his studio became the resort of men of rank, and, in fact, a visit to Vandyck was, of all things, most desirable to the fashionables of the day, and men and women of rank and influence vied with each other for the privilege of being his sitters, until a list of the portraits which he painted is an endless repetition of titles and notable names.

His lavishness threw him into debt, and he was constantly in need of money, while his habits of life undermined his health and made him very low in his spirits. It is said that, with the hope of increasing his fortune, he spent much time over chemicals trying to discover the philosopher's



PORTRAIT OF PETER BRUEGEL. (FROM AN ETCHING BY VANDYCK.)

stone, which he believed would bring him limitless gold. The poisonous gases which he thus inhaled injured his already weakened health, and the King and his friends became alarmed lest he should die.

At length, the King resolved to persuade Vandyck to marry, and selected a beautiful Scotch girl, who had a position in the household of the Queen, as a suitable wife for him. Her name was Maria Ruthven, and she was a granddaughter of the Earl of Gowrie. Very little is known of the married life of the artist, but there is nothing to indicate that it was not a happy one. He had one child, a daughter, called Justiniana.

It is probable that Vandyck had frequently visited Antwerp while living in England. We

know that, in 1634, he was chosen Dean of the Confraternity of St. Luke in his native city, and a great feast was celebrated on that occasion; and when, in 1640, he took his bride there, the members of the Academy of Painting and many others received them with distinguished attentions.

In spite of all he had done, Vandyck's highest ambition as a painter had never been satisfied. He had long cherished a desire to do some great historical painting. At one time he had hoped to decorate the walls of the banqueting-hall at the palace of Whitehall. The ceiling had splendid pictures by Rubens, and Vandyck proposed to perfect the whole by portraying the history of the Order of the Garter beneath the work of his master. Charles was pleased with the idea, and asked Vandyck to make his sketches; but he finally abandoned the scheme, much to the regret of the artist.

While he was at Antwerp with his wife, the painter learned that Louis XIII. was about to decorate the large saloon of the Louvre. He hastened to Paris in the hope that he might obtain the commission for the work, but when he arrived it had already been given to Poussin. Greatly disappointed, he returned to England, to find the royal family, whom he knew and loved so well, overwhelmed with misfortune. In March, 1641, the Queen fled to France, while the King and his sons took refuge at York. In May the Earl of Strafford was executed, and all these disasters, added to his previous disappointments and the fact that the arts which the King had cherished were already fallen into dishonor, brought upon the artist a disease which proved to be fatal.

He continued to paint until within a few days of his death, and it was but eight days before that event that his daughter was born and he made his will. When the King returned to London, in spite of all his own troubles and cares, he found time to be true to his friendship for Vandyck. He offered his physician £300 if he could save the artist's life; but nothing could be done, and he died at his home in Blackfriars, December 9, 1641, at the early age of forty-two years. It is said that his funeral was attended by many nobles and artists. He was buried in the Cathedral of St. Paul's, near the tomb of John of Gaunt. When St. Paul's was burned, the remains of Vandyck were probably scattered. When the grave of Benjamin West was prepared in the crypts of the new St. Paul's, Vandyck's coffin-plate was discovered there.

The pictures of Vandyck are so numerous that we can here say almost nothing of them. They embrace a great variety of subjects, and are found in nearly all large or good collections. He left

some etchings, also, which are executed with great spirit. I have said that as a portrait-painter he is almost unrivaled; as a painter of other subjects he had also great merits. He had not the power of invention of his master, Rubens, and could not seize upon terrible moments and important incidents to give them the power which the pictures of Rubens had; but Vandyck gave an intensity of expression to his faces, and an elevation to their emotions, which excelled his master. His drawing was more correct, and his feeling for Nature more refined, so that, taken all in all, perhaps the master and pupil were very nearly equal as painters, though they differed in the qualities of their talents.

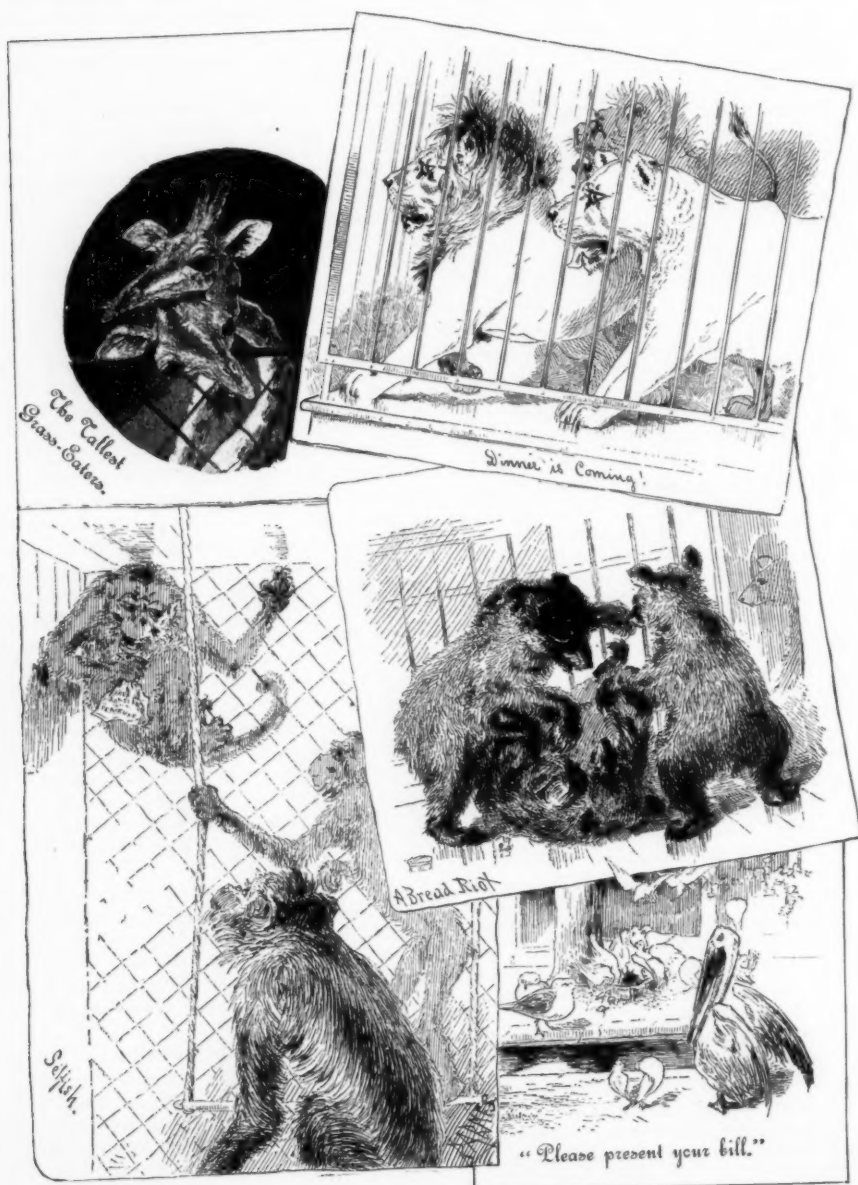
Vandyck may be said to have painted in three manners. The first was that of a rich and mellow color, which he acquired after visiting Italy to study the works of Titian and others. Sir Joshua Reynolds said of this style: "It supposes the sun in the room." The second manner is seen in the silvery color of his English pictures; they are brilliant and delicate at the same time that they are solid and firm in their execution. His third manner is that of his latest works, when poor health and low spirits caused him to be careless and to give but little attention to their sentiment or execution.

Among his most distinguished portraits are those of Charles I. and his family. Perhaps the most pleasing of these is the picture of the three children of the King—a subject which Vandyck several times repeated. One of these is in the gallery of Turin, others at Dresden and Berlin, and a small one at the Louvre, in Paris. His equestrian portraits are noble works, and many of his full-length figures exist in various galleries. The most magnificent collection in any one place is that of Windsor Castle, in possession of the Queen. It consists of thirty-nine pictures, all but three being portraits of single figures or groups.

The prices that are now paid for the works of Vandyck, on the rare occasions when they are sold, are enormous. A portrait of Anne Cavendish, Lady Rich, was sold at the San Donato sale, in Florence, in 1880, to Mr. Berners, for \$30,000. In 1876, a few of his etchings were sold in Brussels; and that from a portrait of the artist, both portrait and etching being his own work, brought about \$4000.

We have not space to speak here of the historical, mythological, and other pictures painted by Vandyck. Though they are not equal to his portraits, they are very interesting, and those of you who go to Europe will see many of them in the churches and galleries that you will visit.

DINNER-TIME AT THE ZOÖLOGICAL GARDENS.



MIKE AND I.

BY R. LATTIMORE ALLING.

WE were off for our summer vacation, Mike (my chum) and I. Mike took it rather quietly, but that is his way. People have different ways of talking; his was through his eyes, and how much they could tell a fellow! But I'm not the mum kind, and I wanted to talk to everybody — wanted to ask them if they, too, were going away from the hot, dusty city, to stay three long, restful, delicious weeks.

Finally, as we came near our journey's end, and packed ourselves away in the old stage which was to land us at the lake-side, I felt that I must talk or explode. I tell you, being shut up in a dingy little office in a dingy little street of a dingy big city for eleven months of the year makes one appreciate some things; so, when I sniffed the real country odors, and then caught sight of a pond through the trees, I gave Mike a rapturous shake; but he made no reply except to rattle the fishing-tackle in his pockets. This was expressive, but rather dull for steady conversation; so, in desperation, I began to scan my fellow-passengers, in hopes of finding somebody else who wanted to talk. There was a tall, good-natured man, his wife, big girl, little girl, poodle, and baby, and a jolly-looking boy, who sat cocking his eye at me in such a remarkably funny way that I laughed, which laugh seemed to act on him like an inspiration, for he immediately broke the silence by inquiring in a rapid voice:

"Where you going? We're going to the Lake View House — tip-top place — ever been? Splendid fishing — was there last summer — lots of fun."

I informed him that I was going there also, and then followed a spirited discussion as to the relative merits of grasshoppers or angle-worms for bait. As my experience with either was limited, this subject soon dropped, when he inquired, "Are n't any of your folks going to be there?" possibly envying me freedom from the sisterhood.

"None of my folks," I replied, "but my chum, my best friend; we're going to have fine times together. You'd like him; he's a capital fellow — when he is in the mood," I said, laughing, as I noticed him sitting silent and stiff beside me. "You must come up to our room some day," I added, as the stage stopped before our hotel.

I saw nothing of my new acquaintance for a day or two, and Mike, who had come out of his dumps, was such good company that I forgot all about the boy till, one afternoon, he came rushing down the

hall after me as I was returning to our room from a long tramp.

"Halloo! Where you been — fishing?" he asked, breathlessly.

"Yes," I answered.

"Catch anything?"

"Of course."

"Where 's your chum?"

"Mike? Oh, he is upstairs; he does n't like fishing. Come and see him. He will be in a gay humor when I show what I have. We will have a festive time. Come up?"

"Yes, guess I will. I'm sick of things here, anyway."

This was no uncommon boy. He was just like a thousand others — a rough-and-tumble sort of chap, but good-hearted, and ready to learn good or bad, just whichever happened to come his way. As I listened to his bright talk of his thrilling adventure with a pickerel, I congratulated myself that he would be quite an addition to my pleasure, for Mike, as I have intimated, was a queer one, not fond of the active part of fishing or hunting; but he did ample justice to the spoils, as I assured Bob — which I found to be the boy's name — when he made some damaging remark about my friend, to the effect that "Mike could n't be much of a fellow if he did n't fish." So I had to plead his cause as we ascended the last flight of stairs, declaring that he made up for this masculine deficiency by the host of things he knew. "Why," I said, "he is the most interesting company in the world; he tells the most wonderful stories, — more marvelous than the Arabian Nights, or Jules Verne, and all true, too, and he will keep at it as long as you have a mind to sit up of an evening." The look of disdain over Mike's deplorable lack of interest in those sports dear to the heart of every well-regulated boy had changed to one of lively interest when I promised, as I turned the key of 134 and flung open the door, to "set Mike a-going for his benefit." Mike was not visible, and while I disposed of my fishing apparatus, Bob surveyed the empty room with disappointment.

"Where is he? Trot him out," he demanded.

"Oh, I keep him locked up in a closet when I am gone out," I replied, stooping to draw off my muddy boots, and at the same time hide my amused face from the perplexed Bob, who exclaimed, "Gracious! you don't, do you?" Thinking the climax of his bewilderment was reached, I

proceeded to unlock the door of a black-walnut box standing on the floor, and drew out and set upon the table a microscope, announcing, as I waved my hand toward it, "Behold my friend, my chum, my blessed old Mike!"

Bob's face was a circus in itself. Many expressions struggled for the field, but disgusted disappointment gained the day, and he muttered, as he picked up his hat and started for the door, "Who wants to see your old telescope!"

"Hold on!" I cried—"stay five minutes; then you can go back to the girls and abuse me and my friend if you want to."

So back he shuffled, but slowly, and with a look of determined suspicion at me. I went about my affairs, feeling sure he would change his tune when once Mike had a chance to defend himself. The "catch" of my fishing, which was all contained in a small glass bottle with a wide mouth, I began to investigate by holding it up toward the light. Seeing some very small specks floating about, I took a glass tube, about as big and as long as a new slate-pencil; placing my finger closely over one end, I lowered the other directly over one of these specks, when, lifting my finger for an instant, out rushed some air, and at the other end up rushed some of the water, and with it the speck. This I allowed to run out upon a little slip of glass, called a slide, by lifting my finger again, when in rushed some air, and out went the drop of water. By this time Bob had lost his disgusted expression, and condescended to show slight interest in this new way of fishing. The slide, with the drop upon it, I then placed on the little shelf, or "stage," of my microscope. Looking through the long tube which is the main part of the instrument in size, touching a screw here, another there, and turning the little mirror, just under the stage, toward the light, I asked Bob to take a look also, at the same time remarking that I rather guessed I had beat him in fishing for that day. Bob squinted up one eye, peeped cautiously with the other, and forthwith exclaimed, "Jimminy Jinkins!" Jimminy failing to appear upon the scene, I did, telling him, while he looked and wondered, wondered and looked, that all the little fellows he saw had names and histories, and cut up the funniest capers imaginable.

But Bob interrupted with, "Oh! here 's a huge one, and all tangled up in a great, long green stem, and kicking like mad! What 's his name?"

"That is a *daphnia*," I said, smiling at his enthusiasm; "and now look carefully, and you will see that you can look right through him. Do you see something beating inside of him—eh? Well, that is his heart, and you can sometimes see that every time it contracts some colorless fluid is

pushed out through the body; that is the blood circulating, and —"

But here Bob broke in with wild excitement, "True as preaching, he 's eating something, and I can see him swallowing it! Oh, is n't this fun!"

I could not help laughing in my sleeve to see this boy so wholly absorbed by my "old telescope," and suggested that he take his eye from the tube for a moment, and with his own hands move the glass slide just a very little to one side, so as to get a view of another part of the vast sea contained in the drop of water. This being done, he again applied his eye to the "bung-hole," as he elegantly termed it, when I asked him what he saw now.

"Oh! an awfully funny thing, kind of like a worm, with ever so many branches at one end—no, it 's like a long hand with long, crooked fingers, only there are eight of them—and—oh, they are all stretched out and feeling around!"

"Yes," I assented, knowing well the animal at which he was looking. "Now, give the glass slide a little tap with your finger-nail, but keep looking just the same." The result of this experiment made him jump, as he exclaimed: "He jerked all his fingers in quicker 'n lightning, and now he is all drawn up into a little ball!"

As I enjoyed his excitement, I explained that the fingers were called tentacles, and that they were used to feel about for food, and that some naturalists thought that at the end of each tentacle was a little sting, with which they killed their prey, and then drew it into their mouth, which was a little opening in the end of the tube from which these tentacles grew.

"But what 's the gentleman's name?" demanded Bob, wishing to know everything at once.

"Well," I answered, "do you know about the twelve things that Hercules had to do before he could become immortal?"

Bob looked as though he had known from earliest infancy, but as I myself remembered that my wisest looks had too often been in direct proportion to my ignorance, I thought it best to tell the story.

"Somehow, it happened that Hercules got cheated out of the throne which he was to inherit; so his father, Jupiter, made Juno promise that she would make Hercules immortal if he accomplished twelve great deeds. One of them was the killing of the Hydra, a monster with nine heads. Hercules went bravely to work chopping these off, but every severed head was immediately replaced by two. So this little animal is called the hydra, and if we try to slay it we shall be as much amazed as was Hercules; for, if we cut off one of these tentacles, another will grow in its place. And more than this: the piece that is cut off lives on, and, in time, will grow its own circle of

tentacles and be a full-fledged hydra, independent of everybody! Why, just to think, there was a Frenchman who, aided by his microscope, could do very delicate work, and he turned some hydras wrong-side out, and they did n't seem to mind it at all, but meekly accommodated themselves to the situation, and went on fishing as happily as before, making what was before their outsides do for their stomachs! It is almost impossible to kill them, for, even if you chop them up into little pieces, each piece will grow into an animal like the one from which it was cut, and set up house-keeping on its own account. So, you see, out of one hydra you can make a large community."

"Let's do it now," said the eager Bob, with eyes big with wonder.

"Oh, no," I said. "It takes some days for all this to happen, and remember that you can hardly see the hydra with your naked eye. And it requires some skill to do this microscopic butchering."

This seemed a new idea, and he examined my small water-jar with renewed interest, asking, "Are there more of these fellows in here?"

"Perhaps not one," I answered. "Sometimes I can't find one for weeks, and then all at once I may come across a pond with thousands; but even then you have to know just how to find them. The best way is to dip up some water from the bottom or side of a stagnant pool—taking bits of the little water-plants, or of the green

scum (which will turn out to be delicate stems, with lovely patterns in green dots running along them), with it. Set the bottle in the window for a day or two, and you will find the hydras, if there are any there, fastened to the glass next the light."

As the gong for tea sounded, I said, as I began to put things away, while Bob took a last peep, "Well, Mike is n't so bad, is he? Come up again, if you like him. We have only made a beginning as yet on what is to be seen in that water. By the way, Simple Simon was n't such a fool, after all, if he had a microscope,—eh Bob?"

"What do you mean?" said Bob, trying his luck at fishing with a glass tube, as if for once supper had failed to charm.

"Why, don't you remember—"

"Simple Simon went a-fishing for to catch a whale,
And all the water that he had was in his mother's pail!"

By this time Mike had been put into his box, and Bob remarked, as we went down-stairs, "He's the best old chap I've seen yet!"

As I glanced across the long dining-hall, I was convulsed to see Bob, who was at the next table, suddenly stop a glass of water half-way toward his lips, and gaze into it with horror. The next moment he dashed over to me, shouting: "Say! Is *this* water full of 'em?" I assured him that he could drink it with entire safety, there being nothing of the kind in ordinary water, as Mike could further prove next time he gave a show.



Mud-Pies.
—Baking-Day.



BY MALCOLM DOUGLAS.

A LITTLE man, in walking down the dusty road one day,
Met a little woman traveling afoot the other way;
And, laying down his big valise, he bowed in handsome style,
While she returned his greeting with a curtsy and a smile.

"Can you inform me where,
ma'am, I can find a wife?"
said he.

"'T was on my tongue to ask
about a husband, sir," said
she.



"I'm weary of my single state,
and many miles I've gone
For one who'll cook and wash
for me, and sew my buttons
on;
Who'll wait on me when I am
well and tend me when I'm
ill,
And never give me cause to
grumble at a foolish bill.
Do you know any one, ma'am,
you can recommend?" said
he.

"I'm looking for precisely such
a husband, sir," said she.

He puckered up his lips and whistled thoughtfully and low,—
 Then slowly reached for his valise, regretfully to go;
 While, with a pensive little smile, she gazed up at the sky
 And watched the fleecy cloudlets as they lazily passed by.
 "T is plain I 'm not the husband you 're after, ma'am!" said he.
 "T is evident I 'm not the wife you 're seeking, sir!" said she.



THE LAST OF THE PETERKINS.

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.

THE expedition up the Nile had taken place successfully. The Peterkin family had reached Cairo again—at least, its scattered remnant was there, and they were now to consider what next.

Mrs. Peterkin would like to spend her life in the *dahabieh*,* though she could not pronounce its name, and she still felt the strangeness of the scenes about her. However, she had only to look out upon the mud villages on the bank to see that she was in the veritable "Africa" she had seen pictured in the geography of her childhood. If further corroboration were required, had she not, only the day before, when accompanied by no one but a little donkey-boy, shuddered to meet a strange Nubian, attired principally in hair that stood out from his savage face in frizzes at least half a yard long.

But oh, the comforts of no trouble in housekeeping on board the *dahabieh*! Never to know what they were to have for dinner, nor to be asked what they would like, and yet always to have a dinner you could ask chance friends to, knowing all would be perfectly served! Some of the party with whom they had engaged their *dahabieh* had even brought canned baked beans from New England, which seemed to make their happiness complete.

"Though we see beans here," said Mrs. Peterkin, "they are not 'Boston beans'!"

She had fancied she would have to live on stuffed ostrich (ostrich stuffed with iron filings, that the books tell of), or fried hippopotamus, or boiled rhinoceros. But she met with none of these, and day after day was rejoiced to find her native turkey appearing on the table, with pigeons and

* A boat used for transportation on the Nile.

chickens (though the chickens, to be sure, were scarcely larger than the pigeons), and lamb that was really not more tough than that of New Hampshire and the White Mountains.

If they dined with the Arabs, there was indeed a kind of dark molasses-gingerbread-looking cake, with curds in it, that she found it hard to eat. "But *they* like it," she said, complacently.

The remaining little boy, too, smiled over his pile of ripe bananas, as he thought of the quarter-of-a-dollar-a-half-dozen green ones at that moment waiting at the corners of the streets at home. Indeed, it was a land for boys. There were the dates, both fresh and dried—far more juicy than those learned at school; and there was the gingerbread-nut tree, the *dôm* palm, that bore a nut tasting "like baker's gingerbread that has been kept a few days in the shop," as the remaining little boy remarked. And he wished for his brothers when the live dinner came on board their boat, at the stopping-places, in the form of good-sized sheep struggling on the shoulders of stout Arabs, or an armful of live hens and pigeons.

All the family (or as much of it as was present) agreed with Mrs. Peterkin's views. Amanda at home had seemed quite a blessing, but at this distance her services, compared with the attentions of their Maltese dragoman and the devotion of their Arab servants, seemed of doubtful value, and even Mrs. Peterkin dreaded returning to her tender mercies.

"Just imagine inviting the Russian Count to dinner at home—and Amanda!" exclaimed Elizabeth Eliza.

"And he came to dinner at least three times a week on board the boat," said the remaining little boy.

"The Arabs are so convenient about carrying one's umbrellas and shawls," said Elizabeth Eliza.

"How I should miss Hassan in picking up my blue veil!"

The family recalled many anecdotes of the shortcomings of Amanda, as Mrs. Peterkin leaned back upon her divan and wafted a fly-whisk. Mr. Peterkin had expended large sums in telegrams from every point where he found the telegraph in operation; but there was no reply from Solomon John, and none from the two little boys.

By a succession of telegrams, they had learned that no one had fallen into the crater of Vesuvius in the course of the last six months, not even a little boy. This was consoling.

By letters from the lady from Philadelphia, they learned that she had received Solomon John's telegram from Geneva at the time she heard from the rest of the family, and one signed "L. Boys" from Naples. But neither of these telegrams gave

an address for return answers, which she had, however, sent to Geneva and Naples, with the fatal omission by the operator (as she afterward learned) of the date, as in the other telegrams.

Mrs. Peterkin, therefore, disliked to be long away from the Sphinx, and their excursion up the Nile had been shortened on this account. All the Nubian guides near the pyramids had been furnished with additional *backsheesh* and elaborate explanations from Mr. Peterkin as to how they should send him information if Solomon John and the little boys should turn up at the Sphinx—for all the family agreed they would probably appear in Egypt together.

Mrs. Peterkin regretted not having any photographs to leave with the guides; but Elizabeth Eliza, alas! had lost at Brindisi the hand-bag that contained the family photograph-book.

Mrs. Peterkin would have liked to take up her residence near the Sphinx for the rest of the year. But every one warned her that the heat of an Egyptian summer would not allow her to stay at Cairo—scarcely even on the sea-shore, at Alexandria.

How thankful was Mrs. Peterkin, a few months after, when the war in Egypt broke out, that her wishes had not been yielded to! For many nights she could not sleep, picturing how they all might have been massacred by the terrible mob in Alexandria.

Intelligence of Solomon John led them to take their departure.

One day, they were discussing at the *table d'hôte* their letters from the lady from Philadelphia, and how they showed that Solomon John had been at Geneva.

"Ah, there was his mistake!" said Elizabeth Eliza. "The Doolittles left Marseilles with us, and were to branch off for Geneva, and we kept on to Genoa, and Solomon John was always mistaking Genoa for Geneva, as we planned our route. I remember there was a great confusion when they got off."

"I always mix up Geneva and Genoa," said Mrs. Peterkin. "I feel as if they were the same."

"They are quite different," said Elizabeth Eliza; "and Genoa lay in our route, while Geneva took him into Switzerland."

An English gentleman, on the opposite side of the table, then spoke to Mr. Peterkin.

"I beg pardon," he said. "I think I met one of your name in Athens. He attracted our attention because he went every day to the same spot, and he told us he expected to meet his family there—that he had an appointment by telegraph—"

"In Athens!" exclaimed Mrs. Peterkin.

"Was his name Solomon John?" asked Elizabeth Eliza.

"Were there two little boys?" inquired Mrs. Peterkin.

"His initials were the same as mine," replied the Englishman,—"S. J. P.,—for some of his luggage came by mistake into my room, and that is why I spoke of it."

"Is there a Sphinx in Athens?" Mrs. Peterkin inquired.

"There used to be one there," said Agamemnon.

"I beg your pardon," said the Englishman, "but that Sphinx never was in Athens."

"But Solomon John may have made the mistake—we all make our mistakes," said Mrs. Peterkin, tying her bonnet-strings, as if ready to go to meet Solomon John at that moment.

"The Sphinx was at Thebes in the days of (Edipus)," said the Englishman. "No one would expect to find it anywhere in Greece at the present day."

"But was Solomon John inquiring for it?" asked Mr. Peterkin.

"Indeed, no!" answered the Englishman; "he went every day to the Pnyx, a famous hill in Athens, where his telegram had warned him he should meet his friends."

"The Pnyx!" exclaimed Mr. Peterkin; "and how do you spell it?"

"P-n-y-x!" cried Agamemnon—"the same letters as in Sphinx!"

"All but the 's' and the 'h' and the 'y,'" said Elizabeth Eliza.

"I often spell Sphinx with a 'y' myself," said Mr. Peterkin.

"And a telegraph-operator makes such mistakes!" said Agamemnon.

"His telegram had been forwarded to him from Switzerland," said the Englishman; "it had followed him into the Dolomite region, and must have been translated many times."

"And of course they could not all have been expected to keep the letters in the right order," said Elizabeth Eliza.

"And were there two little boys with him?" repeated Mrs. Peterkin.

No; there were no little boys. But further inquiries satisfied the family that Solomon John must be awaiting them in Athens. And how natural the mistake! Mrs. Peterkin said that, if she had known of a Pnyx, she should surely have looked for the family there.

Should they then meet Solomon John at the Pnyx, or summon him to Egypt? It seemed safer to go directly to Athens, especially as Mr. Peterkin and Agamemnon were anxious to visit that city.

It was found that a steamer would leave Alexandria next day for Athens, by way of Smyrna and Constantinople. This was a roundabout course, but Mr. Peterkin was impatient to leave, and was glad to gain more acquaintance with the world. Meanwhile, they could telegraph their plans to Solomon John, as the English gentleman could give them the address of his hotel.

And Mrs. Peterkin did not now shrink from another voyage. Her experience on the Nile had made her forget her sufferings in crossing the Atlantic, and she no longer dreaded entering another steam-boat. Their delight in river navigation, indeed, had been so great that the whole family had listened with interest to the descriptions given by their Russian fellow-traveler of steam-boat navigation on the Volga—"the most beautiful river in the world," as he declared. Elizabeth Eliza and Mr. Peterkin were eager to try it, and Agamemnon remarked that such a trip would give them an opportunity to visit the renowned fair at Nijni-Novgorod. Even Mrs. Peterkin had consented to this expedition, provided they should meet Solomon John and the other little boys.

She started, therefore, on a fresh voyage without any dread, forgetting that the Mediterranean, if not so wide as the Atlantic, is still a sea, and often as tempestuous and uncomfortably "choppy." Alas! she was soon to be awakened from her forgetfulness: the sea was the same old enemy.

As they passed up among the Ionian Isles, and she heard Agamemnon and Elizabeth Eliza and their Russian friend (who was accompanying them to Constantinople) talking of the old gods of Greece, she fancied that they were living still, and that Neptune and the classic waves were wreaking their vengeance on them, and pounding and punishing them for venturing to rule them with steam. She was fairly terrified. As they entered Smyrna she declared she would never enter any kind of a boat again, and that Mr. Peterkin must find some way by which they could reach home by land.

How delightful it was to draw near the shore, on a calm afternoon—even to trust herself to the charge of the boatmen in leaving the ship, and to reach land once more and meet the tumult of voices and people! Here was the screaming and shouting usual in the East, and the same bright array of turbans and costumes in the crowd awaiting them. But a well-known voice reached them, and from the crowd rose a well-known face. Even before they reached the land they had recognized its owner. With his American dress, he looked almost foreign in contrast to the otherwise universal Eastern color. A tall figure on either side seemed, also, each to have a familiar air.

Were there three Solomon Johns?

No; it was Solomon John and the two other little boys—but grown so that they were no longer little boys. Even Mrs. Peterkin was unable to recognize them at first. But the tones of their voices, their ways, were as natural as ever. Each had a banana in his hand, and pockets stuffed with oranges.

Questions and answers interrupted each other in a most confusing manner:

"Are you the little boys?"

"Where have you been?"

"Did you go to Vesuvius?"

"How did you get away?"

"Why did n't you come sooner?"

"Our India-rubber boots stuck in the hot lava."

"Have you been there all this time?"

"No; we left them there."

"Have you had fresh dates?"

"They are all gone now, but the dried ones are better than those squeezed ones we have at home."

"How you have grown!"

"Why did n't you telegraph?"

"Why did you go to Vesuvius, when Papa said he could n't?"

"Did you, too, think it was Pnyx?"

"Where have you been all winter?"

"Did you roast eggs in the crater?"

"When did you begin to grow?"

The little boys could not yet thoroughly explain themselves; they always talked together, and in foreign languages, interrupting each other, and never agreeing as to dates.

Solomon John accounted for his appearance in Smyrna by explaining that, when he received his father's telegram in Athens, he decided to meet them at Smyrna. He was tired of waiting at the Pnyx. He had but just landed, and came near missing his family, and the little boys too, who had reached Athens just as he was leaving it. None of the family wished now to continue their journey to Athens, but they had the advice and assistance of their Russian friend in planning to leave the steamer at Constantinople; they would, by adopting this plan, be *en route* for the proposed excursion to the Volga.

Mrs. Peterkin was overwhelmed with joy at having all her family together once more; but with it a wave of home-sickness surged over her. They were all together; why not go home?

It was found that there was a sailing-vessel bound absolutely for Maine, in which they might take passage. No more separation; no more mistakes; no more tedious study of guide-books; no more weighing of baggage. Every trunk and bag, every Peterkin, could be placed in the boat, and safely landed on the shores of home. It was a

temptation, and at one time Mrs. Peterkin actually pleaded for it.

But there came a throbbing in her head, a swimming in her eyes, a swaying of the very floor of the hotel. Could she bear it, day after day, week after week? Would any of them be alive? And Constantinople not seen, nor steam-navigation on the Volga!

And so new plans arose, and wonderful discoveries were made, and the future of the Peterkin family was changed forever.

In the first place, a strange, stout gentleman in spectacles had followed the Peterkin family to the hotel, had joined in the family councils, and had rendered valuable service in negotiating with the officers of the steamer for the cancellation of their through tickets to Athens. He dined at the same table, and was consulted by the (formerly) little boys.

Who was he?

They explained that he was their "preceptor." It appeared that, after they parted from their father, the little boys had become mixed up with some pupils who were being taken by their preceptor to Vesuvius. For some time he had not noticed that his party (consisting of boys of their own age) had been enlarged; and after finding this out, he had concluded they were the sons of an English family with whom he had been corresponding. He was surprised that no further intelligence came with them, and no extra baggage. They had, however, their hand-bags; and after sending their telegram to the lady from Philadelphia, they assured him that all would be right. But they were obliged to leave Naples the very day of dispatching the telegram, and left no address to which an answer could be sent. The preceptor took them, with his pupils, directly back to his institution in Gratz, Austria, from which he had taken them on this little excursion.

It was not till the end of the winter that he discovered that his youthful charges—whom he had been faithfully instructing, and who had found the gymnasium and invigorating atmosphere so favorable to growth—were not the sons of his English correspondent, whom he had supposed, from their explanations, to be traveling in America.

He was, however, intending to take his pupils to Athens in the spring, and by this time the little boys were able to explain themselves better in his native language. They assured him they should meet their family in the East, and the preceptor felt it safe to take them upon the track proposed.

It was now that Mr. Peterkin prided himself upon the plan he had insisted upon before leaving home. "Was it not well," he exclaimed, "that

I provided each of you with a bag of gold, for use in case of emergency, hidden in the lining of your hand-bags?"

This had worked badly for Elizabeth Eliza, to be sure, who had left hers at Brindisi; but the little boys had been able to pay some of their expenses, which encouraged the preceptor to believe he might trust them for the rest. So much pleased were all the family with the preceptor that they decided that all three of the little boys should continue under his instructions, and return with him to Gratz.

This decision made more easy the other plans of the family.

Both Agamemnon and Solomon John had decided they would like to be foreign consuls. They did not much care where, and they would accept any appointment, and both, it appeared, had written on the subject to the Department at Washington. Agamemnon had put in a plea for a vacancy at Madagascar, and Solomon John hoped for an opening at Rustchuk, Turkey; if not there, at Aiotab, Syria. Answers were expected, which were now telegraphed for, to meet them in Constantinople.

Meanwhile, Mr. Peterkin had been consulting the preceptor and the Russian Count about a land journey home. More and more Mrs. Peterkin determined she could not and would not trust herself to another voyage, though she consented to travel by steamer to Constantinople. If they went as far as Nijninogorod, which was now decided upon, why could they not persevere through "Russia in Asia"?

Their Russian friend at first shook his head at this, but at last agreed that it might be possible to go on from Novgorod comfortably to Tobolsk, perhaps even from there to Yakoutsck, and then to Kamschatka.

"And cross at Behrings' Straits!" exclaimed Mrs. Peterkin. "It looks so narrow on the map."

"And then we are in Alaska," said Mr. Peterkin.

"And at home," exclaimed Mrs. Peterkin, "and no more voyages."

But Elizabeth Eliza doubted about Kamschatka and Behrings' Straits, and thought it would be very cold.

"But we can buy furs on our way," insisted Mrs. Peterkin.

"And if you do not find the journey agreeable,"

said their Russian friend, "you can turn back from Yakoutsck, even from Tobolsk, and come to visit us."

Yes — *us!*

For Elizabeth Eliza was to marry the Russian Count!

He had been in a boat that was behind them on the Nile, had met them often, had climbed the ruins with them, joined their excursions, and had finally proposed at Edfu.

Elizabeth Eliza had then just written to consult the lady from Philadelphia with regard to the offer of a German professor they had met, and she could give no reply to the Count.

Now, however, it was necessary to make a decision. She had meanwhile learned a few words of Russian. The Count spoke English moderately well, made himself understood better than the Professor, and could understand Elizabeth Eliza's French. Also, the Count knew how to decide questions readily, while the Professor had to consider both sides before he could make up his mind.

Mrs. Peterkin objected strongly at first. She could not even pronounce the Russian's name. "How should she be able to speak to him, or tell anybody whom Elizabeth Eliza had married?" But finally the family all gave their consent, won by the attention and devotion of Elizabeth Eliza's last admirer.

The marriage took place in Constantinople — not at Santa Sophia, as Elizabeth Eliza would have wished, as that was under a Mohammedan dispensation. A number of American residents were present, and the preceptor sent for his other pupils in Athens. Elizabeth Eliza wished there was time to invite the lady from Philadelphia to be present, and Ann Maria Bromwich. Would the name be spelled right in the newspapers? All that could be done was to spell it by telegraph as accurately as possible, as far as they themselves knew how, and then leave the papers to do their best (or their worst) in their announcements of the wedding "at the American Consulate, Constantinople, Turkey. No cards."

The last that was ever heard of the Peterkins, Agamemnon was on his way to Madagascar, Solomon John was at Rustchuk, and the little boys at Gratz; Mr. and Mrs. Peterkin, in a comfortable sledge, were on their way from Tobolsk to Yakoutsck; and Elizabeth Eliza was passing her honeymoon in the neighborhood of Moscow.



A HAPPY PAIR. THEIR HOUSE AND HOME.

CURIOUS ITEMS ABOUT BIRDS.

MANY of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS will remember an article on "Curious Nests," which was printed in the number for November, 1880. Of the nests described, some were remarkable for the situations in which they had been built—such as "the nest in the scare-crow"; while others—like "the nest of lace" and "the nest suspended by a thread"—were peculiar in the way they were made or secured. Not the least curious thing about them, however, was the fact that in almost every instance there was a good and sensible reason for the oddity. It is not always a mere whim that causes a pair of winged builders to violate the usual fashions of bird-architecture, or to select a site for their home that might well make respectable bird-society gossip and stare. No, indeed! However "queer" or eccentric the little couple may seem to their own kind, the girl or boy, or gentle wise man, who finds their deserted nest in the autumn, soon observes that the thing which made it peculiar, as birds' nests go, was the very thing that made it more safe or more comfortable than birds' nests usually are.

Since the publication of the article we have mentioned, ST. NICHOLAS has received a number of letters and communications telling of curious nests or doings of some common birds. And the most appropriate time for showing these to you is surely this very month of May,—when, in every tree and wayside hedge, and also in the city parks and arbors (for some of the most curious nests have been found in the city), you can yourselves observe the little architects at their work, and see how clever and skillful they are.

Here, to begin with, is an account by Dr. C. C. Abbot, of the cunning way in which a little bird rebuilt its nest in order to avoid hatching an intruder's egg. When you have read it you will agree that our correspondent was right in calling the bird's plan

"AN EASY WAY OUT OF IT."

"A pretty little fly-catcher, which had taken much pains to build her nest, was in trouble about her own pearly eggs, and through no fault of her own. An impudent cow-bird (*Molothrus pecoris* of naturalists), too lazy to make a nest for herself, or to look up an old one, or, indeed, to hatch her own eggs, had slyly dropped an egg in the fly-catcher's nest, and then gone off, quite indifferent as to what became of it.

"What the first thoughts of the fly-catcher were when she saw the intrusive egg, I am at a loss to

conjecture; but the nest itself tells us that the bird was not easily outwitted, and also that the conclusion it finally reached was, to get rid of the noxious egg, by making practically a new nest out of the old one.

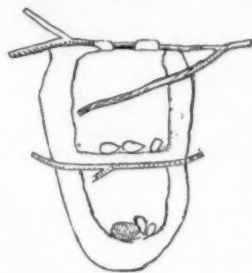
"Now, this fly-catcher, which ornithologists know as the white-eyed vireo (*Vireo noveboracensis*), builds a rather fragile, hanging nest, usually out of fine twigs and strips of thin bark, all nicely interlaced, but sometimes employing also large pieces of newspaper. The nest is suspended to the delicate twigs that grow on the very ends of long, wavy branches. To compensate, therefore, for the considerable motion to which it is subjected when the wind blows, the nest is made very deep, and quite small at the top. So deep is it, in fact, that usually we can not detect the sitting bird, unless the nest is looked upon from above.

"In the instance of the nest here described, this great depth of the original structure came nicely into play; for the outcome of the bird's thoughts was that to build a new floor to the nest, while it would necessitate leaving two of her own eggs unhatched, would place the unwieldy egg of the interloper down in the basement also, and would thus leave her free to rear her own family, unmolested, on the second floor. This she cunningly accomplished by first placing a stout twig just above the eggs, and then interweaving suitable soft materials with the sides of the nest, allowing their weight to rest upon the twig extending from side to side and projecting beyond them. Just how this was arranged is shown by the outline of the nest in the accompanying diagram.

"Considering the fix the fly-catcher was in, and her determination not to nurse the foundling, certainly this was an easy way out of it; and not only easy, but ingenious, showing, as it does, an intel-

ligence that would be little suspected by the unfortunate men and women (and girls and boys) who pass by, unheeded, the many wonders of bird-life that help to make this world so beautiful.

"Another little bird that is much more frequently subjected to the annoyance of visits



from the cow-bird, is our very common, pretty summer warbler (*Dendroica aestiva*). When this bird finds the strange egg in its nest, it covers up the egg

(with any of its own that are alongside it) in a mass of materials like that of which the nest is made, and another set of eggs is laid upon this new flooring of the nest. Sometimes it happens that a second cow-bird's egg is laid on this new floor, and again the warbler has to cover it also, that its own eggs may not be disturbed; so that we have in such a case a three-storied structure. What patient, persistent birds, then, these little warblers are!

"Considering that many of our birds voluntarily perform so much unexpected labor to secure the welfare of their broods, let me ask of the young readers of ST. NICHOLAS that in all cases they will examine the nests of birds without disturbing them, and collect them only after the birds need them no longer. Their structure and materials can be studied as well then as before.

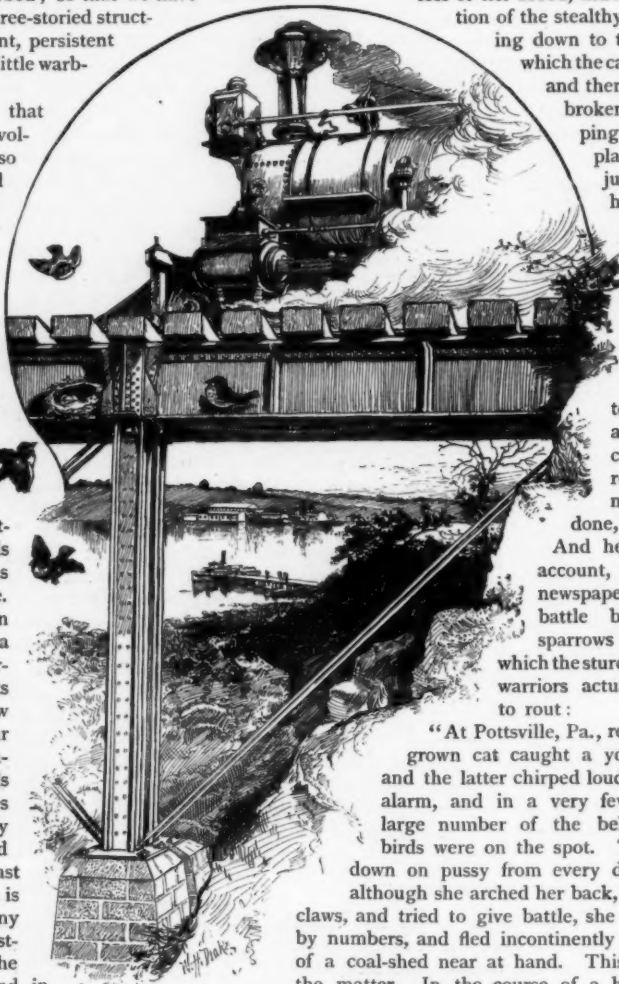
"Let me add, in conclusion, that a task of much interest to ornithologists is to determine how far the nests of our birds vary in construction, materials used, and localities chosen. While many of our birds build nests throughout vast areas of country, it is not certain, by any means, that their nesting habits are the same in Maine and in Maryland, at the Atlantic seaboard and on the Western prairies. I trust that the readers of ST. NICHOLAS—and especially the members of the Agassiz Association—will largely study this subject, and subsequently compare notes, being very careful to correctly determine the species of birds that have built the nests found."

TOO CLEVER FOR THE CAT.

Birds often foil larger enemies than their feathered foes by some cunning piece of strategy. The picture on page 530, for instance, illustrates an odd incident which really happened. A mother-bird, seeing the cat approaching, and fearing the loss of her brood, attracted the attention of the stealthy animal by flying down to the fence upon which the cat was crouched, and then, by feigning a broken wing and hopping along with plaintive chirps just in front of her enemy (but always just out of his reach), she succeeded in luring him to a safe distance. Then she immediately took to flight, and by a circuitous route returned to her nest. Bravely done, little mother!

And here, too, is an account, taken from a newspaper, of a pitched battle between some sparrows and a cat, in which the sturdy little warriors actually put Puss to rout:

"At Pottsville, Pa., recently, a half-grown cat caught a young sparrow, and the latter chirped loudly, giving the alarm, and in a very few moments a large number of the belligerent little birds were on the spot. They swooped down on pussy from every direction, and, although she arched her back, extended her claws, and tried to give battle, she was overcome by numbers, and fled incontinently to the shelter of a coal-shed near at hand. This did not end the matter. In the course of a half-hour Puss made her entry on the scene again. But the birds seem to have put some of their number on picket-duty, for, as soon as the cat came from her shelter, the alarm was sounded and the feathered clans came afresh to the attack in greater force than ever. Their feline enemy, profiting by past experience, did not wait to make a fight, but ran as



swiftly as she could to her home, half a square away, the sparrows striking her as long as she was in sight."

A NEST HUNG WITH WIRE.

The "nest suspended by a thread" is almost matched by one built by a pair of Baltimore orioles in a tree opposite a tinsmith's. In the autumn, the limb to which the nest was suspended blew down, and the nest is now preserved as an evidence of the remarkable skill and instinct of these birds, for it was found securely fastened to the branch with pieces of wire, which they had picked out of the sweepings of the tinsmith's.

Some of our most familiar birds are quick to see and take advantage of the fact that the neighborhood of men's homes frequently offers them better protection or material than the woods and fields afford; and a search about the roofs of large buildings in the towns often discovers bird-homes in the most unexpected places. One correspondent sends us an account, from a local newspaper, of

A NEST IN THE WHEELS OF A CLOCK.

"The old clock in the tower of the First Presbyterian Church, Newark, has not been giving correct time lately. Charles Freeman, employed by the Common Council to regulate the town clocks, was puzzled by the antics of the ancient time-piece, and when it came to a stop recently, he decided to give it a thorough examination. In the wheels he found a tangled mass of hay, twine, grass, cotton, and feathers, amounting to nearly half a peck. A pair of birds had entered the tower

through a hole in the dial, and attempted to build a nest in the machinery of the clock. The slow revolution of the wheels tore their work to pieces, and they kept on reconstructing it until they stopped the wheels."

A NEST ON A RAILROAD BRIDGE.

The American robin has been known to build on the trestle of a railroad bridge, over a wide sheet of water, on which trains passed at least every hour.

Mr. Daniel C. Beard—well known to the readers of ST. NICHOLAS—sends a picture, which will be



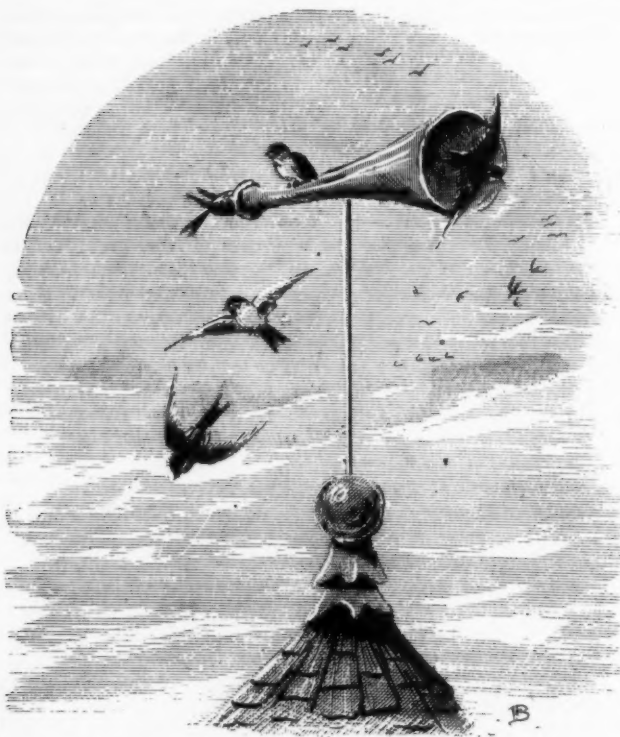
A NEST IN A TOWER-CLOCK.

found on the next page, of

A NEST IN A TRUMPET.

"The birds," writes Mr. Beard, "were

blue martins. The horn, or trumpet, was used as a weather-cock upon the top of the fire-engine house in Covington, Kentucky. The birds built there every year, flying in at both ends. The horn was about forty inches long, and the large end measured nearly twelve inches across."



A NEST IN A TRUMPET-VANE.

Mr. Beard adds that: "Very near to the fire-engine house in Covington was the county courthouse, and on its cupola stood a wooden figure of

George Washington. It was discovered one day that in the forehead of this figure a woodpecker had bored a hole for a nest!"

A NEST IN A LION'S MOUTH.

An artist friend sends a pen-and-ink sketch which he made of a gargoyle, or ornamental rain-spout, on the cloven tower of Heidelberg Castle, on the Rhine. Gargoyles, as perhaps you know, are very common in European architecture, and sometimes they are modeled after some portion of the human figure, and sometimes after parts of animals. This gargoyle, as you see in the picture, represented a lion's head. It was carved in stone, and partly overgrown with vines. Years ago some birds, tempted by the shelter of its great open mouth, built a nest there, which, my friend says, is mentioned by Mr. Longfellow in his "Hyperion," a prose book, in the chapter headed "Interlachen."

When the artist wrote, the nest was still remaining in the gargoyle's mouth. Perhaps some of our readers may be passing through Heidelberg this coming summer, and if



A MOTHER-BIRD, BY FEIGNING A BROKEN WING, LURES THE CAT AWAY FROM HER NEST.

they stop at the castle they should be on the lookout for this queer home of a pair of birds.

A girl-reader sends us this account of how the sparrows found "the weak spot" in the masonry and took advantage of it:

ON THE ANGEL'S ARM.

The ST. NICHOLAS artist has made sketches also of two curious nests that were to be seen in New York City. The first was built upon the arm of a stone angel which stands in a niche of Trinity Church. It could be plainly seen by passengers of the Elevated Railroad as the trains passed the



A NEST IN A CHALICE.

young birds when seen by the friend who wrote to ST. NICHOLAS about it, and the fledglings appeared to feel the protection of the angel's arm, and to be in nowise disturbed by the trumpet, or by the noise and confusion of the great city.

A NEST IN A GOBLET.

The other nest was built in a goblet. On the side of the chapel of "St. Luke's Old Ladies' Home," New York City, is a panel holding the carved figure of a saint, the carving in high relief. The figure holds a chalice or goblet in the right hand, and in the goblet a pair of sparrows have built a nest, to which they return every year.



IN THE LION'S MOUTH.

"One day last summer, we noticed a couple of sparrows flying very often to one of the pillars of our back-piazza, where they seemed to disappear. We went to investigate, but all we could see was a few stalks of grass and hay sticking out of a little



AN ANGELIC PROTECTOR.

hole in the masonry. (It was a flat pillar, right up against the wall of the house, from the floor to the roof of the porch.) We watched the place a min-



ute or two, and presently a sparrow flew right in the hole—which really did n't seem to be more than an inch across; but the bird went all the way in, out of sight, and we could hear the young birds chirping inside. I suppose the masons must have left a small cavity there when the house was built, and that the piazza post covered it all but this little corner. A pair of sparrows have built in the same place this year, too. I don't know, of course, whether or not they are the same ones, but I should think it highly probable."

HOW A BIRD OUTWITTED THE MONKEYS.

Mr. Ernest Ingersoll contributes the following account of a very curious and ingenious nest built by a little Asiatic bird:

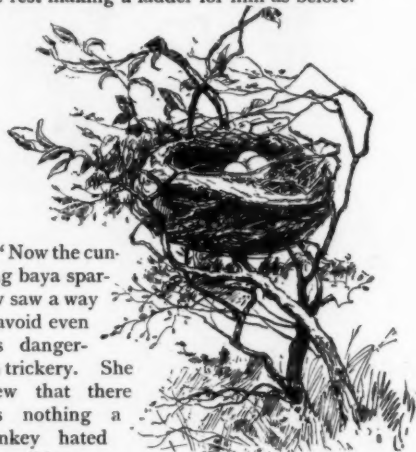
"Of all the hanging nests, commend me to that made of grass by the baya sparrow of India. It is one of the most perfect bird-houses I know of, and seems only to need a fire-place to make it a real house. Its shape and mode of attachment at the top to the end of the limb are shown in the picture. It is entered through the long neck at the lower end. The bed for the eggs rests in the bulb or expansion at the middle of the nest, where there are actually two rooms, for the male has a perch divided off from the female by a little partition, where he may sit and sing to her in rainy weather, or when the sun shines very hot, and where he may rest at night. The walls are a firm lattice-work of grass, neatly woven together, which permits the air to pass through, but does not allow the birds to be seen. The whole nest is from fourteen to eighteen inches long, and six inches wide at the thickest part. It is hung low over the water,—why, we shall presently see,—and its only entrance is through the hanging neck.

"Why do birds build hanging nests?"

"Those birds that do make hanging nests, undoubtedly do it because they think them the safest. Birds' eggs are delicacies on the bill of fare of several animals, and are eagerly sought by them. Snakes, for instance, live almost entirely upon them, during the month of June; squirrels eat them, raccoons also, and opossums, cats, rats, and mice. But none of these animals could creep out to the pliant, wavy ends of the willow branches or elm twigs, and cling there long enough to get at the contents of a Baltimore oriole's nest.

"In the country where the baya sparrow lives, there are snakes and opossums, and all the rest of the egg-eaters; and in addition there are troops

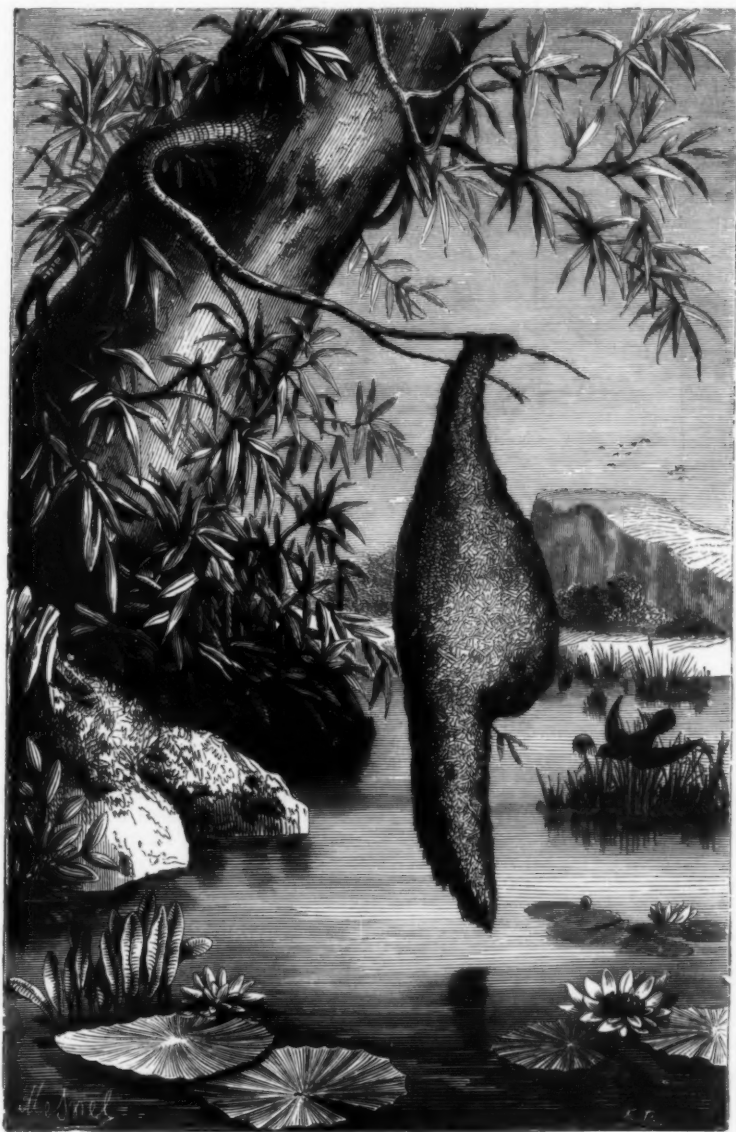
of monkeys, which are more to be feared than all the rest together. Monkeys are wonderfully expert climbers, from whom the eggs in an ordinary open-top pouch nest, like the oriole's, would not be secure; for if they can get anywhere near, they will reach their long, slender fingers down inside the nest. The baya sparrow discovered this, and learned to build a nest inclosed on all sides, and to enter it from underneath by a neck too long for a monkey to conveniently reach up through. Beside this, she took the precaution to hang it out on the very tips of light branches, upon which she thought no robber would dare trust himself. But she found that the monkeys 'knew a trick worth two o' that.' They would go to a higher limb which was strong, and one would let himself down from it, grasping it firmly with his hands; then another monkey would crawl down and hold on to the heels of the first one, another would go below him, and so on until several were hanging to each other, and the lowest one could reach the sparrow's treasures. He would eat them all himself, and then one by one they would climb up over each other; and last of all the tired first one, who had been holding up the weight of all the rest, would get up, too, and all would go noisily off in search of fresh plunder, which, I suppose, would be given to a different one, the rest making a ladder for him as before.



"Now the cunning baya sparrow saw a way to avoid even this dangerous trickery. She knew that there was nothing a monkey hated so terribly as to

get his sleek coat wet. He would rather go hungry. So she hung her nest over the water close to the surface, and the agile thieves do not dare make a chain long enough to enable the last one to reach up into her nest from below, as he must do, for fear that the springy branches might bend so far as to souse them into the water.

"The sparrow has fairly outwitted the monkey!"



THE NEST OF THE BAYA SPARROW.

A TRAVELING NEST.

I. M., a Western friend, sends us a description of a nest built in a very peculiar place, and which

crossed a ferry as regularly as the boat came and went.

"The Cedar River, though quite wide at Muscatine, is very shallow, and ferry-boats are run

across by means of wire ropes stretched from one bank to the other. A block and pulley slip along the wire, and from each end of the boat comes a rope which is fastened to the block. By means of these ropes, the boat is inclined to the current in such a manner that the force of the stream drives the boat across without the use of oars, paddles, or screw-propeller.

"On this traveling-block a pair of birds built their nest, and successfully reared a brood of young. The boat crossed at all times of the day and night, and at every trip

the block, with the nest on it, would go rattling across on the iron cable, high above the water. The nest was well guarded by the ferry-man, and was the marvel of all who saw it."

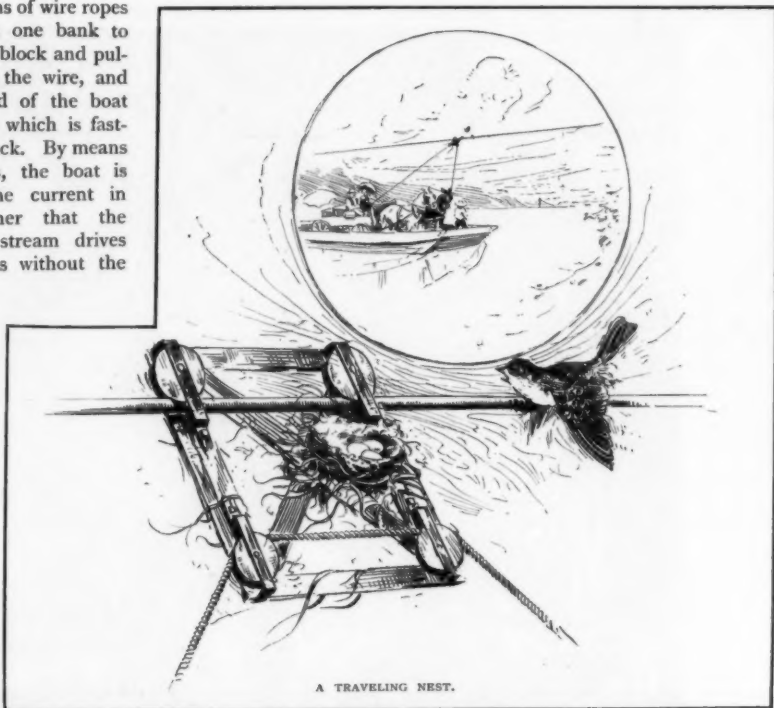
We shall conclude our curious items about birds with an advertisement (in rhyme) which one of our correspondents has addressed to the birds themselves:

ADVERTISEMENT. BIRD-NESTS TO LET.

TO RENT for the summer, or longer, if wanted,
A fine lot of old nests—not one of them haunted:
All built by day's work in the very best manner—
Some Swiss and some Dutch and some *à la* Queen Anna.

By title direct from Dame Nature I hold,
And until I am felled not a stick shall be sold;
The plan I pursue is to *lease*—don't you see?—
With a clause that improvements shall follow the fee.

In size the nests vary—but each has a perch:
Some are swung like a hammock, some firm as a church.



A TRAVELING NEST.

With views unsurpassed, and the balmiest breezes,
We're free from malaria and kindred diseases.

We *do* have mosquitoes—the truth must be told;
But in making this public I feel very bold,
For the tenants I'm seeking will know how to treat
'em,
And if they are saucy, without sauce they'll eat 'em.

My neighbor, the farmer, just over the way,
Has an elegant barn where, without any pay,
I welcome my tenants to all they can eat
Of corn or of hay-seed, of oats or buckwheat.

To suitable parties my charges are low
(You'll excuse if I ask for a reference or so).
I'm sure you'll not think me exclusive or proud,
But approve of my maxim, "NO SPARROWS ALLOWED."

For terms and conditions, if such you require,
Drop a line to the owner, Rock Maple, Esquire
(If you write, just address to ST. NICHOLAS' care),
Or call at the Tree-top—he's sure to be there.

SWEEP AWAY.

BY EDWARD S. ELLIS.

CHAPTER I.

THE RISING WATERS.

"I TELL you he 's risin', Jack, 'shuah 's you 's bawn!"

Crabapple Jackson, a stout negro lad, born in Kentucky, and twelve years old, had climbed to the top of the cabin of his employer (who lived in the lowlands of Arkansas), and, standing erect, while he steadied himself by placing one hand on the stone chimney, he looked anxiously toward the Mississippi.

Jack Lawrence, the son of Crabapple's employer, and a year younger than the negro boy, also made his way up the steep incline of the roof, and a minute later stood beside "Crab," as he was always called.

The Father of Waters, when he staid in his bed, was more than four miles away; but on that day in March, 1882, he showed a disposition to leave his couch and wander over the adjoining country.

Young Jack Lawrence, having placed himself near Crab, surveyed the alarming sight of the rising waters. They had noticed that morning that the Mississippi was unusually high, but at first had felt no anxiety, for a rise of the great river comes as regularly as the return of spring.

There were only three persons in the house at this time—Jack, Crabapple, and Dollie, two years younger than her brother. Archibald Lawrence, the father of Jack and Dollie, was absent in Kentucky; the mother had been dead more than a year; and Dinah, the cook and general superintendent of the household, was down in Alabama, visiting her friends and relatives, who were almost beyond enumeration.

The great flood of 1874 had swept over the little plantation now occupied by Archibald Lawrence, but that was before he moved thither from Kentucky, so that all the family knew about it came from hearsay.

"I tell you he 's risin', Jack!" repeated Crabapple, after the two had stood side by side for several minutes.

"You are right; but the water is a half-mile away, and we are several feet above it," said Jack.

"It don't take de ole riber long to climb up dem free, four feet—you can jes' make up your mind to dat," was Crab's cheerful reply.

"Well, Crab, what is best to be done? Shall we take to the high ground back of us?"

That was the question which the two boys had been thinking over and talking about during the afternoon. There were three mules, two cows, a number of pigs and fowls, beside the children themselves, who would be caught in a dangerous predicament if the river overflowed its bank much more extensively than it had already done. Jack had even taken one of the mules, and, pounding his heels against his iron ribs, ridden on a gallop to the nearest neighbor, who lived about the same distance from the Mississippi, to ask his counsel. Colonel Carrolton had floated down to Vicksburg on a hen-coop during the flood of '74, since which time he had been looked upon as an authority on floods.

The Colonel was anxious, and news had come which caused him to fear that an immense destruction of property was inevitable; but he was hopeful that the river would not reach the house of Mr. Lawrence nor his own; at any rate, he was not going to make any move of his stock until the morrow. He was satisfied that it was safe to wait till the next morning, and he so said to young Lawrence. Thereupon Jack had pointed the head of his mule toward home, and begun pounding his ribs again. The animal struck into a trot, which, somehow or other, was so managed that he was always going up just as Jack was coming down, and *vice versa*. The lad had found himself so jolted and bruised by this strategy of the mule that he had been forced to bring him down to a walk.

When the boy made his report to Dollie and Crab, they were greatly relieved; but it can not be said that the words of Colonel Carrolton had brought full assurance, for the fact remained that the river was steadily rising, and no one could say when it would stop.

Crabapple Jackson was the most anxious, for the stories which had reached his ears of flood and disaster along the Mississippi had magnified themselves in his imagination, until he dreaded the overflow more than any other danger. After feeding the stock, Crab, as already stated, had climbed upon the roof of the cabin, and, making his way to the peak, had taken a survey of the river. A careful study of landmarks soon told him that the stream had risen perceptibly within the past hour, and

that it was still creeping upward. Between the home of Archibald Lawrence and the river were numerous trees and quite a stretch of pine timber. When Crab had studied these bowing, swaying tops for some little time, he knew he had made no mistake. Jack Lawrence required but a few minutes to assure himself on the same point, and then the two talked earnestly together.

"I think we might as well start for the back country," said Jack, still standing beside the chimney, and looking out upon the vast inland sea sweeping southward.

"We 've got to go a good six miles afore we strike de high ground back ob Gin'ral Johnson's, and I reckon dat we wont be safe till we get dar."

"The country rises all the way, Crab; so that we ought to reach a place short of that where the river is in no danger of following."

But Crab turned toward his young master, and shook his head, his huge flapping hat giving emphasis to the shake.

"I tole you if de river gets a start it is n't a-gwine to stop short ob Gin'ral Johnson's plantation, and dere is a good deal ob lowlands a-tween here and him."

"If that is so, we may as well stay here till morning, for we can't get to his place till long after dark."

"I guess you 's 'bout right," assented Crab, again turning his gaze upon the flood.

Jack staid but a few minutes longer, and then he crawled back toward the roof of the shed adjoining, upon which he dropped, and leaped to the ground, where Dollie was awaiting him.

"I think we shall have to move to-morrow," said he, in answer to her anxious questions, "but we are safe until then."

Dollie, like all younger sisters, accepted the word of her big brother as infallible, and, passing into the house, began making ready the supper, undisturbed by a fear of what was coming.

Nowhere in the world is more delicious corn-bread prepared than in Missouri and Arkansas. The climate and soil unite to produce this golden staple of food—alike appetizing and nutritious. Dollie set to work to bake some bread and to fry some bacon, when Jack looked in upon her.

"Dollie," said he in an undertone, as if afraid some one would hear him, "while you 're about it, get enough bread and bacon ready to last several days."

"What for?" asked the little girl, turning her big blue eyes on him in surprise.

"We may not want it; but if we do, we shall want it badly."

"It will be better if I make it fresh every day."

"But you may not have the chance: if the river

reaches the house before we are out of the way, we shall have no time to cook any food. Mind, Dollie, I don't think it will, but it 's best to be ready. I 'll help you."

"Oh, I don't mind the trouble," said the industrious little maid-of-all-work, moving briskly hither and thither, pushing her big brother to the right and left, and asking him to please keep out of her way.

The fire was kept very hot, and until long after dark Jack and Crabapple helped Dollie prepare rations for the necessity which they hoped would never arise.

Just before night closed in, Jack walked to the edge of the river to take a last survey. He stood within a yard or so of the muddy stream, and looked out upon the immense expanse, covered with trees, limbs, logs, cabins, and *débris* sweeping downward toward the Gulf of Mexico, all wearing a strange, uncanny look in the deepening gloom.

All at once his feet felt cold, as though ice had touched them. Looking down, he found that he had become an island, for the water was flowing around his shoes, and several inches back of them.

"My gracious! how fast it is rising!" he said to himself, hurrying toward the house again.

At the barn he stopped long enough to untie the mules and take them from the stable; the cows were already outside, where, if the flood should reach them, they would not be handicapped in any way.

"I wish I had n't taken Colonel Carrolton's advice," thought Jack as he went into the cabin; "we ought to have started back for the highlands hours ago."

CHAPTER II.

A FORTUNATE ACCIDENT.

JUST a half-century ago, that great philologist and traveler, Henry Rowe Schoolcraft, came upon a beautiful sheet of water in north-western Minnesota, at an elevation of three-fourths of a mile above the sea level. The lake was walled in by picturesque hills, and the outlet through which the clear, cold waters flowed to the sea, thousands of miles away, was twelve feet wide and a foot and a half deep. There are other lakes as lovely as Itasca, in Minnesota,—the "land of the sky-tinted water," according to the Indian legend,—but they can never be so famous, for it is the source of the mightiest river of the globe.

The *Miche Sepe*, as the aborigines called the Mississippi, drains with its tributaries one-seventh of the North American continent. Its length, from

Itasca to the Gulf of Mexico, is more than one-eighth of the distance around the world, and its basin exceeds a million square miles. Its crystal-like current is tainted by the whitish mud of the Missouri, the red ocher of the Arkansas and Red rivers, and the emerald hue of the Ohio; while it is forever bringing down and pouring into the Gulf a prodigious mass of earth, trees, and vegetation, the vastness of which is inconceivable.

The Mississippi has made itself the problem

dreading the worst, and as helpless when it comes as is the mountaineer who dwells in the shadow of the volcano or in the path of the avalanche.

In the spring of 1879, Archibald Lawrence moved from Kentucky to the lowlands of Arkansas, taking with him his wife Margery, Jack, Dollie, Dinah the cook, and the negro lad, Crabapple Jackson. The home selected lay between the White River and the



of the country. Captain Eads has, to a certain extent, by means of his jetties, succeeded in deepening the treacherous mouth of the stream, so often choked with shifting sand-bars. But no plan has yet been devised by which the great river, when surcharged with water, can be stopped from sweeping away the miles of levees, and carrying destruction, ruin, and death to the cities, towns, villages, hamlets, and plantations along its banks. The peril comes periodically, and has existed ever since the pioneer built his cabin within a day's ride of the Mississippi. But the planter and settler can only toil and spin, hoping for the best but

Mississippi, Crockett Bluff lying to the west, and Helena to the northeast. The soil of this section is generally very productive; and, as Lawrence bought his buildings and one hundred acres for a small sum, he had good reasons for hoping he should do better than in Kentucky.

There were a number of immigrants who had preceded him to that neighborhood, and they and the others were hospitable. There may have been slumbering some bitter memories of secession days, but they were never fanned into life, and Mr. Lawrence, who had been with General Thomas, in Tennessee, enjoyed many a smoke and chat with the grizzly old Confederates of "Arkansaw," while they fought the old battles over again.

On his farm or plantation Mr. Lawrence raised

cotton, corn, sweet potatoes, and melons; and, believing the climate and soil suitable for fruit, he gave much care to the culture of peaches, apples, pears, and grapes. Care and intelligence brought



A BREAK IN ONE OF THE BANKS OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

success. The fame of his fruit-farm spread, and he was visited by many who went home and attempted the same thing, some on a larger and some on a smaller scale. The cultivation of fancy fruit soon became a favorite pursuit in many parts of Arkansas.

"A few more years," said the Kentuckian to his wife, as they sat on the bench in front of their cabin, "and we shall reap the reward of our labors."

"We have toiled hard, Archibald," replied his wife; "but the toil was lightened by love, and, therefore, it was blessed."

"Labor is always more pleasant than idleness,

have done well in the way of teaching them, but it is imposing too much on you, and they are entitled to greater advantages than we can give them."

Husband and wife discussed their future with the confidence which we all show; but, within a few weeks, the devoted wife and mother lay down upon the bed from which she was never to rise. Her death spoiled all the plans and hopes of Mr. Lawrence, who determined to sell his place and move back to Kentucky. He was absent on that business in the month of March, 1882, which explains how the two children, Jack and Dollie, were left for a fortnight in the cabin with only Crab to keep them company.

But to return to our story. When the candles had been lighted and the doors all closed, the three anxiously discussed the situation. They had prepared a plentiful supply of food, which was placed in a bag and carried to the second story. They decided to keep on their clothing, and to stick to the cabin, which was so well put together that, if the flood did come, it would buoy them up. Jack owned a skiff which he always kept along the river's margin, but that had been swept away long before; indeed, a frail vessel like that would have been less secure than a strong raft, such as the cabin would make.

"De bestest ting dat we kin do am dis——" said Crab, who thereupon stopped, inhaled a deep breath, and waited for the others to ask him to explain. They did so by their looks.

"Dat am, for me to go on top de roof and watch."

"What good will that do?" demanded Jack.

"I can let you know how things are gwine, so you wont be took by s'prise."



AN INUNDATED SETTLEMENT.

Margery, especially as, in our case, the reward is already in sight. A couple of years more, and Jack and Dollie must be sent away to school. You

Jack could not see clearly what advantage would be gained by the African perching himself there, and suspected that the true reason was because

he believed it was the safest place, in case the floods came. Crab proved the appropriateness of his name by climbing to the roof of the lower part of the cabin, from which he easily made his way to that of the main one, finally establishing himself in his old position by the side of the chimney.

"Do you think the water will reach us before morning?" asked Dollie, who again became alarmed over the preparations she had been helping to make for the last hour and more.

"I hardly know what to think, Dollie; I expect the river will be close to us, though I hope we shall be able to get the stock off when daylight comes."

"What will become of us?" asked Dollie.

"We shall have to go with them, of course. General Johnson and the other neighbors will aid us until we can hear from Papa," said Jack.

"Has the river ever been much higher than now?" continued his sister.

"You have heard them tell of the great flood of 1874, when it was much higher."

"Then it must have covered all the land around us?" replied Dollie, anxiously.

"Yes, and a good way back in the country. You see, we are between two rivers,—the White and the Mississippi,—and both are very high. If they continue to rise, why—we shall have to float off with the cabin."

"And then what will become of us?" asked Dollie, with expanding eyes.

"It is a long way to New Orleans; but there are a good many towns and people along the shores. Besides, the steamers will be on the lookout for persons adrift. I don't like the prospect of starting down the Mississippi at night on the top of a log cabin; but a good many have done it, and never been the worse. You know Colonel Carrolton went all the way to Vicksburg, clinging to a hen-coop. There was an old rooster inside, which he meant should be his companion all the way, but the Colonel finally became so hungry, that he wrung his neck and ate him raw."

Pretty little Dollie Lawrence turned up her nose at the thought of eating uncooked chicken, for she could not see how any one could be hungry enough to do that.

"If the water reaches the first floor, we will go upstairs," added her brother; "and, if it gets up to the second story, why, we shall have to take to the roof."

"Suppose it reaches the roof?"

"Before it gets that high we shall be afloat—heigho!"

The boy and girl started up, for just then they heard a strange sliding noise overhead, followed by a resounding blow on the roof of the kitchen and then a solid thump on the ground. Dollie

caught up the candle and ran to the door, Jack at her elbow. As the light was held aloft, they saw Crabapple Jackson rising to his feet in a confused way, as though he hardly understood what had happened.

"What's the matter?" asked Jack.

"I guess I must have been 'sleep,'" said Crab, walking unsteadily toward the door, which he entered, the others passing inside with him.

"Yes, dat was it," he added, brightening up; "I got asleep when I was n't tinkin', and rolled off de roof."

"Did n't it hurt you?" asked Dollie in much alarm.

"Not a bit," was the cheery reply, "but I t'ought it was goin' to be de last ob me."

CHAPTER III.

AT THE DOOR.

"ARE you going back to the roof?" asked Jack, unable to keep from laughing at Crab's mishap.

"No; I don't tink dat's de right kind ob bed to sleep in. If you go to turn ober, you roll off, and besides, I could n't find any piller to lay my head onto."

The front door of the cabin had been left open. There were in this portion but two rooms on the first floor, the rear door facing the river. Dollie walked to the latter, opened it, and held the candle above her head, but the draught was so strong that it was puffed out before she could use her eyes, and the three were left in darkness. It was quickly relit, but during the brief time taken in doing so all three had caught an alarming sound: it was that made by water forcing its way among the trees, close to the house. Cautioning his sister to keep the light away from the draught, Jack stepped out of the rear door, and began carefully groping his way toward the barn, which lay in the direction of the river. The rush and roar of the muddy current was in his ears, and he had gone less than half the distance when his shoes splashed in the water—the Mississippi was at their very door, and had already surrounded the barn. It had risen, and was still rising, with alarming rapidity; a few minutes more and it must reach the house. Jack Lawrence turned about and dashed back to where Dollie and Crab were eagerly awaiting him. His frightened looks told the news before he spoke.

"It wont do to wait any longer," said he; "we must start for the back country at once."

This declaration was a surprise, for up to that moment Jack had given the impression that he

meant to stay by the cabin and share its fortune. But the certainty that the great, surging river was creeping up upon them filled all three with a natural anxiety to get beyond its grasp. They sprang up, and were about to rush out of the door, when Jack asked them to wait a minute.

"We must take a little food with us," said he. "We don't need it all, but I will get a ham."

He ran upstairs in a twinkling, and shortly returned with the article which was so likely to prove useful.

"Can't we take the candle?" asked Dollie, who shuddered as she gazed out on the dark night, which was without any moon or stars. "If we don't, we shall get lost."

The three looked in one another's faces in astonishment: why had they not thought of it before? They had a lantern in the house which had been used many times. It was in the kitchen, and was brought out by Crab, who made a dash for it, returning in a few seconds. Then the candle which was on the table was lifted out of the stick and placed in the lantern, which was taken charge of by Jack, who led the way, with Dollie and Crab following close behind him. The door of the house was shut, and, swinging the light like a switchman signaling a train, the young leader moved away from the building. Less than a hundred yards distant ran the highway, parallel with the river, and at right angles to the course they were following. This highway, if followed some twenty miles, would take them to Helena, which stands on a high bluff, overlooking the Mississippi; to the south it would have led them to Arkansas Post, or, as it is more generally known, Arkansas City, a journey which would compel them to cross the White River. The road was no more than reached when all three received the greatest fright that had yet come to them: the highway was found to be full of water that was running like a mill-stream. The slight depression, which they had never noticed, was enough to open the path for the overflowing current before it reached the building, although the latter was nearer the river-bank. The little party paused, with their feet almost in the water, and Jack held the lantern above his head. As he did so, they saw the current as far in front as their vision penetrated.

"It's no use," said Jack; "we're too late."

"What shall we do?" asked Dollie, showing a disposition to nestle closer to her big brother and cry.

"Dar's only one ting dat we can do," was the sensible remark of Crab, who turned about and ran in the direction of the house.

The others were not far behind him. They quickly reached the porch, over which they scampered, and dashed through the door, the latch-

string of which was hanging out. They did not fail to notice one important fact: they stepped in water where there was none when they had left but a few minutes before, and an ominous splashing was heard in the yard of the building itself. The Mississippi was already knocking at their door, and could not be kept out much longer.

All this was plain enough, but the children were not without a strong hope that the cabin would keep its base until the danger passed. It must have required a stupendous increase to raise the river the few feet shown during the last few hours, for the expansion was enormous. A proportionately greater volume would be necessary to bring it over the floor of the structure.

"I don't think it will be lifted off its foundation until the water is pretty well to the second floor," said Jack; "and it will be a wonderful thing if it reaches *that* point."

But as they talked they could hear the eddying of the current around the corners of the house, and against the porch and trees—the swish and wash showing that it was rising faster, if possible, than ever. The lantern was placed on the table, and its dull light added to the impressiveness of the scene. Dollie looked at the furniture,—the chairs, the table, the stand, the pictures, the gun resting on the deer-prongs over the mantel-piece, everything,—and wondered whether, in case the building itself should swing loose from its foundations, and go drifting over this wild inland sea, all these would stay together and be restored to her father again.

"Heaven take care of Papa!" was her childish petition, as she thought of her loved parent. "I'm glad he does n't know where Jack and I are to-night, for he would be so worried he could n't sleep. Dear God, please take care of Jack, and Crab, and me," she added, reverently, as she never failed to do when kneeling at her bedside; "and don't let us drown in the Mississippi."

It was the simple, trusting prayer of childhood, but like petitions trembled that night on the lips of hundreds along the banks of the great river; for a danger which they always dreaded was creeping stealthily and surely upon them.

CHAPTER IV.

"WE'RE OFF!"

THE situation of Jack and Dollie Lawrence and Crab Jackson could hardly have been more dismal. They hoped that the river would not rise high enough to carry away the house, and yet there was reason to fear it would do so. Jack was like a physician, who notes the pulse of his patient: sitting in his chair, he was awaiting the jar which he dreaded to feel, but which was sure to come

sooner or later. There was little that could be said to comfort one another, and all held their peace. Dollie was on her own chair, beside her brother, while her arm rested on his knee. She looked steadily at the yellow candle burning inside the lantern, and listened to the flow of the waters outside. All had clothed themselves warmly, for, though the weather was not severe, they were wise enough to make full preparations against it. They had on shoes and stockings, though Crab would have preferred to go barefoot, and sturdily refused to don

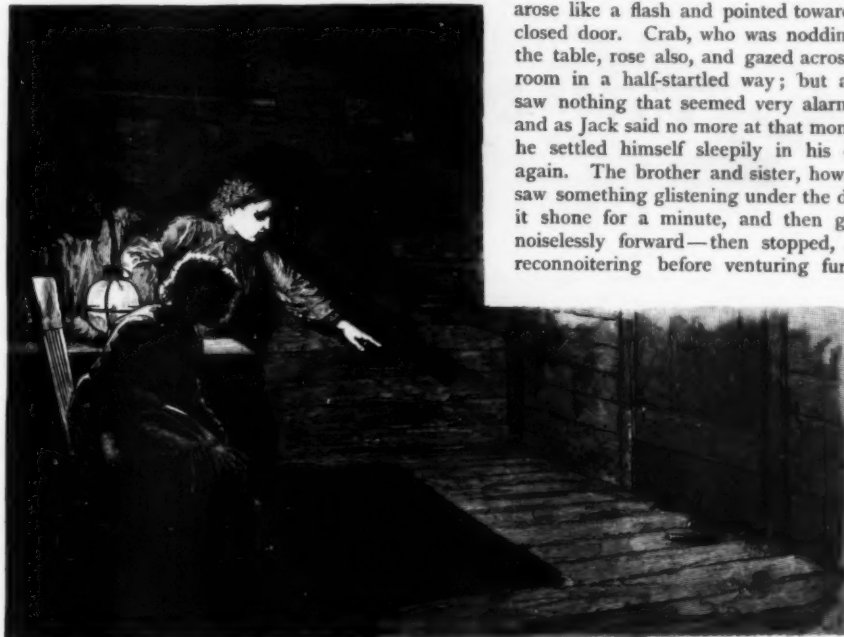
rig up in fust-class style; if it was n't for dat, I would n't wear dese pesterin' shoes, dat grow shorter ebery day."

He intended to take his coat with him, if the cabin should start on its voyage, so that he could don it whenever the necessity should arise.

"It will take four or five feet more," said Jack, speaking as much to himself as to Dollie. "It seems impossible; and yet, it keeps creeping up, up, up, all the time——

"See there!"

As Jack uttered this exclamation, he arose like a flash and pointed toward the closed door. Crab, who was nodding by the table, rose also, and gazed across the room in a half-startled way; but as he saw nothing that seemed very alarming, and as Jack said no more at that moment, he settled himself sleepily in his chair again. The brother and sister, however, saw something glistening under the door; it shone for a minute, and then glided noiselessly forward—then stopped, as if reconnoitering before venturing further,



"SEE THERE!"—A TINY STREAM WAS FORCING ITS WAY UNDER THE DOOR.

the rather dilapidated coat which he wore in winter. His baggy trousers were held in place by a single suspender, which was skewered at the rear by a tenpenny nail, the extra length of the band flapping in the wind. This unequal support of his trousers gave Crab a lop-sided look, which he did not mind. His shirt was of the "hickory" variety, and quite clean. Crab had put it on that afternoon, when he learned there was a likelihood of the flood coming upon them.

"Dar's no telling whar 't will land us," he mused, as he worked and tugged with his shoes. "We may strike Vicksburg, or Natchez, or New Orleans, or may be dar 'll come a whirlpool dat will land us up de riber at Cairo, and it's my belief dat I 'd better

then pushed its head gently forward a few inches more, and then paused again.

Jack at first thought it was a serpent stealing in upon them, and he was about to spring up for the gun, when he observed that it was a tiny stream of water forcing its way into the room. This showed that the current was more than a foot deep all around the house. In the kitchen, where the floor was lower, it must have entered some time before. Having reached the larger room, it appeared in a dozen places within the next three minutes, coming through the cracks of the floor and from all the corners and knot-holes.

"It's time to go upstairs," said Jack. "Come, Crab, it wont do to stay here any longer."

"Did you ever?" exclaimed Dollie. "He's sound asleep!"

Crab's big round straw hat had fallen to the floor, and his head was lying over the back of his

Her brother took the hint and brought it upstairs, though at the same time remarking that he did not think they should need it. They took good care not to forget the bag of provisions.



AN INCIDENT OF THE FLOOD—THE LIVE-STOCK INHABIT THE UPPER STORY.

chair. His mouth was very wide open and his eyes closed. There could be no doubt he was sunk in slumber, though his breathing was no deeper than usual. Jack shook him by the shoulder. The drowsy fellow opened his eyes, and when he saw Jack take the lantern from the table and start up the short stairs, followed by Dollie, he knew what it meant.

"Qu'ar dat I can't shet my eyes but dat somebody must roll me off de house or wake me up."

While uttering this plaint, he had picked his hat from the floor and was in the second story almost as soon as the others. There were two rooms used for sleeping purposes, the quarters of Crab and Dinah being over the kitchen. From the apartment belonging to Mr. Lawrence a trap-door opened to the roof, but the boys would never have dared use it, unless under the stress of some great necessity like the present one. All that remained was to sit down and wait and watch and pray. Crab was so very wide awake, that he felt as though he could not sleep for a week to come. The children knew well enough that it would never do for them to stay where they were, in case the house should be lifted from its base, for the water would be sure to fill that room. Therefore, Jack stepped upon a chair and pushed the trap-door back, so that, when necessary, they could pass through and place themselves on the upper surface of what would then become a raft. When this was done, Dollie asked him why he did n't bring the gun from below, as they might need it.

"I feels hungry already," said Crab, looking wistfully at the valuable property.

"You can keep on feeling hungry," said Jack, "for you don't get anything to eat before to-morrow morning."

Crab sighed, but said nothing, for though older than his young master, he never resisted him. The rush of the water against the house sounded loudly in their ears, and, more than once, they felt the structure tremble from top to bottom: there could be no doubt now in the minds of all that it would soon be afloat. Jack walked to the head of the stairs and held the lantern so that he could look down the steps.

"It's half-way to this floor," said he, "and we sha'n't have to wait long."

"Here we go!" exclaimed Crab, springing up from the chair on which he had been sitting; "let's run out on de roof!"

Jack was on the point of leading the way, when he perceived that Crab had been mistaken: the cabin still remained firm. But a crashing, grinding splintering was heard, which they at once knew was caused by the wrenching off of the other part of the building. There was less weight to that, and it had swung loose and gone down the river. The children trembled, for nothing was more certain than that the larger part of the house would soon follow.

"I don't think it will do to wait any longer," said Jack, "for, when it starts, it will go with a rush, and we may have no time to get out of a

very bad place. I'll climb up first, then I'll help Dollie up, and Crab can follow."

"Hurry up," said the negro; "for, if dar aint much time, den dar aint any time to fool away."

This was self-evident, and Jack Lawrence acted upon the hint. He easily drew himself up through the trap-door, and, making his seat secure, reached down and pulled up Dollie after him. She was timid when she found herself on the roof, but she meant to be brave, and, though the roof inclined considerably, she took the lantern and felt safe for the time. Then the gun, provisions, and some articles of clothing were passed up by Crab, who clamored for more haste. Jack gave him his hand, but just as Crab reached upward, the chair on which he was standing tipped over, and he came near dragging Jack down with

him. But Crab kicked the air vigorously for a minute or two, while Jack stoutly held on, and at last the boy came through the opening, where Dollie sat, lantern in hand, awaiting him.

"Now that we are all here," said Jack, "let's move up nearer the chimney, where we'll be farthest from the water."

The proposal was acted upon, and a few minutes after the three were on the peak of the roof; but, as there was some doubt whether the chimney would keep the building company, they kept at a prudent distance from it, fearing that it might make things unpleasant when the crisis should come.

"We've done all we could," said Jack, "and I don't think we shall have to wait long——"

"Hello! we're off!"

This time Crabapple Jackson was right.

(To be continued.)

A WEATHER PROPHECY.



WORK AND PLAY FOR YOUNG FOLK. V.



BY FRANK BEARD.

YEARS ago, the writer was invited to deliver a lecture before a number of friends. Being at a loss for a subject, he concluded to take no subject, but simply to draw some large cartoons in chalk, and entertain his audience by developing pictures before their eyes. Naturally, as the pictures grew they suggested explanatory remarks, jokes, incidents, and stories; in short, there was so much talk mixed in with the pictures that, as the entertainment had no other name, it came to be known as "Chalk Talk."

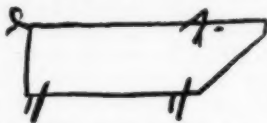
Ten years of travel through the United States, and much pleasant visiting among young people, with unusual opportunities of observing their inclinations and latent talents, suggests the idea that many only need a little direction to be able to amuse themselves and their friends by "Chalk Talks" of their own.

Of course, it is not the purpose of this article to give a systematic lesson in drawing. There are already plenty of good works on this subject, and we desire only to stimulate the fancy and creative faculty by giving practical hints in the use of charcoal and chalk.

Every family in which there are young people should have a blackboard of some kind. They may be bought of all sorts and sizes, or they can be manufactured at home. A piece of smooth board, covered with two coatings of liquid slating, sandpapered when dry, will give an excellent surface; but the best is the lapinum cloth. This comes prepared for writing on both sides, and by covering a smooth board of the requisite size with a layer of paper upon its face, and then tacking the lapinum over the paper, the result is as soft and pleasant a surface to draw on as could be desired.

Having prepared the board and furnished our-

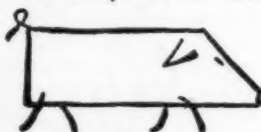
selves with chalk, we naturally ask, "What shall I draw?" Draw? Why, draw anything, so that it is amusing; and almost anything can be made amusing. But, for all that, we had better not begin with a telegraph pole or a bale of cotton, because it requires too much real hard study to get much amusement out of these. Let us take something which has expression and character. Try a pig. But before we begin, let us consider what the animal shall be doing or thinking about—for the supposition is that even a pig thinks; and just as surely as he thinks, he thinks about something to eat. Now we have often observed the attitude of attention which the pig assumes as he hears the familiar cry of "Piggy! piggy! piggy!" which summons him to his repast of swill, and we can suggest the expression with a few lines in a very simple way. Thus: Now let us draw him as



he appears when, satisfied with the benevolent intentions of the caller, he trots off contentedly to his dinner.

We can do this if we choose by using the very same lines and reversing the figure.

Such things we can do very quickly; and if we wish to amuse, we must always do our work rapidly, studying to use no more lines than are absolutely necessary to produce the expression we desire to convey. The following illustrations are a few examples of how character can be suggested with very little work.



In designing and drawing such slight outlines, it is well to consider the different lines used by themselves, and, remembering their proper places,



the figure can be drawn in an astonishingly short time. For instance, take the owl: First, as shown below, we have three simple lines, then the circles which make the eyes; next, two corresponding sides. Add the three marks for the legs, finishing with the toes, and we have the owl complete.

Thus we can analyze each of the illustrations, or, by exercising a little ingenuity, design new ones, by placing before us a picture of

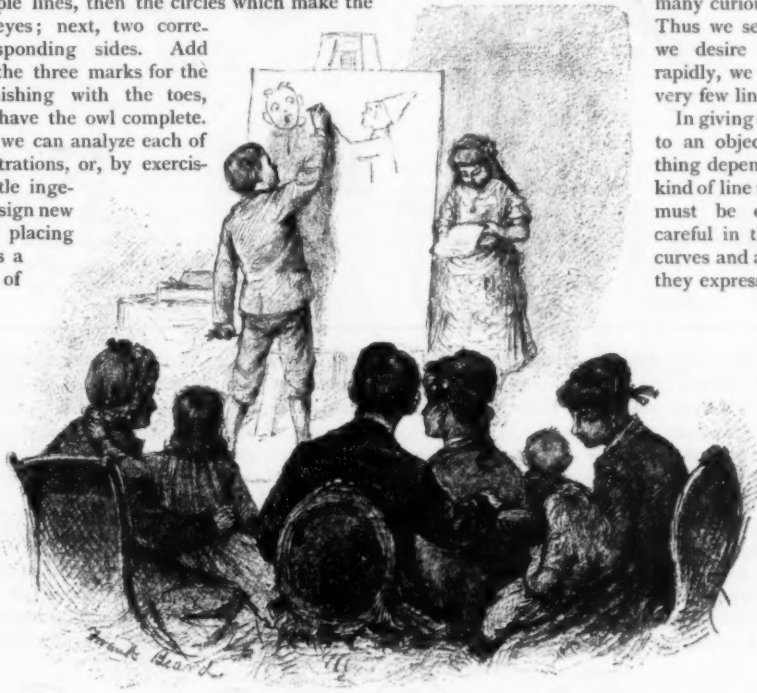
like the accompanying outline sketch. But we can simplify the figure, and draw it more rapidly, by merely making an arc for the back, and a horizontal line for the under-side. Now we will put in the eyes, ears, tail, and legs, and we have a pretty



fair mouse, as shown by the small diagrams below.

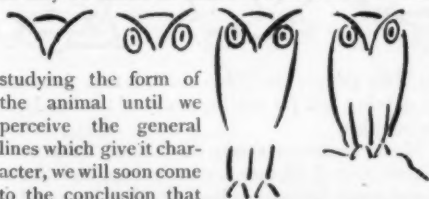
From the same outline we might make a number of other objects: a fish, a turtle, and, no doubt, many curious things. Thus we see that, if we desire to draw rapidly, we must use very few lines.

In giving character to an object, everything depends on the kind of line used. We must be especially careful in the use of curves and angles, as they express entirely



A CHALK TALK AT HOME.

something that we wish to draw, and simplifying the original. Take any picture of a mouse, such as may be found in common school-books. After

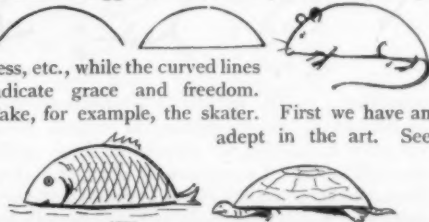


studying the form of the animal until we perceive the general lines which give it character, we will soon come to the conclusion that there is nothing very difficult to be accomplished. Our first trial will probably result in something

different qualities. Straight lines and angles in an animal suggest awkwardness, harshness, sharp-

ness, etc., while the curved lines indicate grace and freedom.

Take, for example, the skater. First we have an adept in the art. See



how gracefully he glides over the frozen surface of the lake, and observe the tracks which he leaves



behind him—all beautiful curves. Now see the awkward learner, and notice how angular are the positions which he assumes. Examine the tracks left by his skates.

Again, take the horse as an example: What a beautiful animal when in good condition, and how soft the curves which constitute the outlines! But when we draw the horse with straight lines and angles, we give at once the impression of awkwardness and debility. We may also illustrate the different character of curves and angles by the features of an old man and those of a child.

After learning to draw simple outlines, the en-

It really makes little difference what outline we choose, but to illustrate further let us examine another figure and some of the possibilities it presents, which can be seen on the next page.

We may even take the alphabet, thus: "A is for Artist," and with a few strokes of the crayon we have the artist himself.

"B stands for Butterfly," and with a little addition we have the butterfly.

"C stands for Caterpillar,"—and so on.

Thus we could go through the whole alphabet, transforming the letters into odd representations of the objects they stand for. But we need the room



tainment can be made much more interesting by introducing transformations of various kinds. In order to do this, we may select some outline that will admit of a number of changes. Here, for example, is a form which suggests nothing in particular, and is apparently without interest; but, by exercising a little ingenuity, we can easily make from it, as you see, a number of funny things.

for other things, and if too much is told there will be nothing left for the ingenuity of the reader to accomplish.

Much amusement may be derived from queer illustrations of Mother Goose rhymes, and the interest could be greatly increased by the introduction of transformations to suit the changes of the story. For instance:

There was a man in our town,
Who was so wondrous wise
He made himself a big balloon,
To sail up in the skies.



Draw on the board an outline of the balloon.

Before he made his final trip,
He thought he'd try it first;
But ere he got up forty rods,
The horrid thing it burst!

Draw a number of lines at the top of the balloon, indicating the place where it burst, and then, by drawing the man's features on the balloon, show how he looked when he discovered the accident.

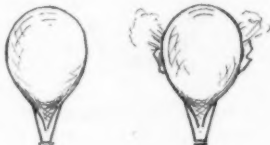
Leaving the same sketch on the board, we can illustrate another story to the same tune:



There was a man in our town,
And he was wondrous wise:
He lifted up the skeeter bar,
And let in all the flies.

But when he tried to go to sleep,
He found it was in vain;
So he lifted up the skeeter bar,
And let 'em out again.

Draw a few lines to indicate the pillow and coverlid, change the eyeballs to the top corners of the eyes, and put in the flies, and we have this rhyme illustrated. This can all be done on a blackboard—indeed, for outline work, the blackboard is better than any other surface; but there are certain expressive phases of character, especially quick changes in the expression of the eye, which can be delineated much more satisfactorily on paper. The white chalk on black ground is apt to produce an expression altogether the opposite of that which is intended—making the eyes look down when we actually intend them to look up. The blackboard is the best thing



on which to practice, and will really answer any ordinary demand; but, in case we wish to make quite an affair of our "Chalk Talk," and invite

the neighbors in to witness the entertainment, it is well to have paper for some of our illustrations. Almost any kind will answer the purpose, but the largest sheets of buff manilla paper are the best. The surface is just right to take the charcoal and chalk easily, and it is tough and not apt to break or tear, besides being cheap. A dark buff color

is the best shade to select, because it will show the white chalk as well as other colors. It is true that quite a life-like picture can be drawn in brilliant colors on the blackboard, but it is much easier and generally more effective to use paper for rapid drawing in many colors. The secret of rapid and telling work lies in the knowledge of just *what* you are going to do, and *how* you are going to do it. There must be no hesitation. The study must all be done before any exhibition is attempted. But it is much easier to determine *what* you wish to do than *how* you are to accomplish it; therefore, a few

general hints on the subject will not be amiss. Recollect that the aim of a "Chalk Talk" is to produce a finished effect with the fewest possible lines in the shortest possible time, so we must not needlessly waste time in the introduction of the different colors. We will suppose that we have the paper nicely tacked on the board, and the chalks (ordinary school chalks, assorted colors, are as good for the purpose as any others) and charcoal at hand. We will begin by illustrating the rhyme:

"This ugly wight would ne'er go right;
Would you know the reason why?"



He follows his nose where'er it goes,
And that stands always awry."

Selecting a piece of red chalk, hold it so that the side—not the end—will be against the paper.

Rub it lightly, covering with the red tint as much surface as the size of the head requires. It makes little difference if the tint does not take the exact shape of the head to be drawn. We next seize the white chalk, and with a stroke lay in the collar. Then for the coat. If we desire a blue coat, by rubbing with the side of the blue chalk we produce a mass of color about the shape we desire; and we finish with brown trousers. Now a little patch of brighter red on the place where we intend to make the nose, and we are ready to complete the illustration by simply drawing the outline with charcoal over the shades we have produced.

An amusing transformation in different colors can be made from a fruit-piece. Here, for example, are an apple and a pear. Colored in red and yellow, with a touch of green near the top, they make a very pretty picture; but the caricaturist is

ing some irregular lines on the surface of the egg to indicate the place where he has broken the



not satisfied with this result. He must get *ahead* of a pear in some way; so he puts in a pair of eyes with white chalk, draws dark circles around them with his charcoal to make them stand out brightly, then adds a nose and mouth, and he has changed the pear into a head. The apple must not be neglected, so it assumes the features of a funny baby. The spectator will be puzzled to understand what is going to be done now; but the artist himself knows very well, and, by adding appropriate bodies, causes the design to become apparent—or “a parent.” In the same manner, a sugar-bowl may be transformed into a first-rate Chinaman. A story might be told about a weasel and an egg. First draw the egg in outline (see next page), shading it along the bottom edges with gray chalk, and putting a little white on the top of the larger end, to give it the appearance of roundness. Then introduce the weasel, and tell how he tried to suck the egg, at the same time draw-

shell. Then bring the story to a satisfactory termination (showing how wickedness is punished) by introducing the bird, which appears prematurely from his shell and takes summary vengeance upon the sly thief to the tune of “Pop Goes the Weasel.”

Now we have had enough suggestions for transformations to put the reader upon the track; but we would warn him that these transformations can not be conceived in a moment, but must be designed and practiced until the artist becomes

perfectly familiar with all the details, and knows just what lines and what chalk he will use from the beginning to the end. A very good exercise will be found in placing five points or dots upon the



board, in any position, and then trying to so draw a human figure that each extremity will touch a point—a point for the head and one for each hand and foot. We present a few examples on the next page. As soon as the student is skillful enough to draw a passable figure, a

little practice will make him so sure of success that any one may be allowed to place the points.

Perhaps a "Chalk Talk" would be more suc-

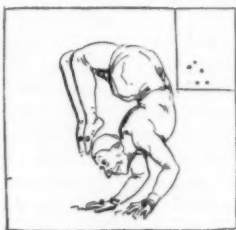
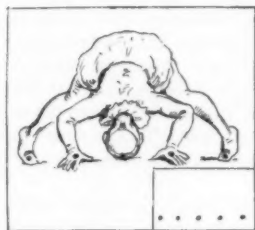
in using very few lines without stop or hesitation; so it is better as a rule not to lift your chalk from the board until the required shade or line is completed.



cessful if two were to take part in the performance. Select the boy or girl who seems best adapted for that part to do the talking, and the one most skillful as an artist to draw the pictures. The "talk-

In case you are drawing with several colors, select those you purpose to use in your picture, and hold them in your left hand ready for use. When applying a certain color to your picture, let

it finish its work before it is relinquished. For instance, you are drawing a girl with a blue hat, blue parasol, and blue underskirt. Put a shade of blue on the board for the hat, another where the parasol is to be drawn, and still another for the underskirt. Now you have finished with the blue crayon, and can lay it aside, using the next color in the



ing" part may be an extemporaneous story, a poem, or a reading; but the talker must always so arrange his sentences as to give the artist a chance to illustrate one point before another is presented.

Now a few hints to the artist. Make your outlines with a strong, steady pressure, so as to produce a thick, uniform line that may be seen across the room. Never draw *two* lines when *one* will convey the idea. The secret of drawing rapidly lies not so much in hurried action as

succession, whatever it may happen to be, in precisely the same manner.

Perhaps some of those who read this article do not possess the skill necessary to produce the illustrations exhibited here, but there are many who draw sufficiently well to furnish a half-hour's entertainment; and those who are not ambitious to give a veritable "Chalk Talk" will find a world of amusement in designing original and amusing things upon their own blackboards.



CURIOUS HEAD-DRESSES OF WOMEN.

AS THE railways penetrate into the remote, picturesque parts of Europe, the national costumes gradually disappear, and the only places where one sees now the old-time dresses, are country fairs, stations, and third-class railway carriages.

While the women are giving up many of their stiff, quaint dresses, they still cling to their distinctive head-dresses, so that the queer-looking heads on the opposite page look very much like the heads of the great-grandmothers of these foreign folk. In fact, many of the ornaments and head arrangements were the identical ones worn by the great-grandmothers, still preserved with great care by the modern great-granddaughters.

This curious-looking thing at the top and middle of the page, and which looks so much like a sign-board, is not one, but the back view of a quaint, outlandish cap—from Concarneau, in Brittany. How it is made, how the wires hold out such an expanse of muslin, and how the wearer gets through narrow door-ways, are mysteries which can only be solved in Concarneau itself.

Less grotesque, but almost as difficult to arrange and keep in order, is the one to the left, worn by all the maidens in Nantes; it looks like the delicate wing of a locust, and is almost as transparent and fragile; she must have her troubles in keeping the filmy structure from being crushed and blown off.

The other woman on the right is from sunny Italy, and she has evidently studied the becoming to great advantage;—she is a Roman nurse, and when she walks out on the Pincian Hill, with her blue-black hair encircled with a garland of bright scarlet ribbons, thrust through with a bunch of silver wheat, her large golden ear-rings flashing in the sunlight, and her coral beads wound around her throat, she attracts more attention than the little Italian noble she is tending, you may be sure. Just below her left shoulder is a head-covering which would be hard to describe, and still harder, I should think, to make, as it has almost as many angles as a problem in geometry, only the sides are not at all equal, and the use of the little bag at the end must be left to conjecture.

The three demure figures whose faces are turned toward her are all from parts of Germany. The first of these head-dresses is from the Black Forest, and is black, with long ribbons down the back, but the small crown is red, covered with gold embroidery. The lower one is very similar, only a highly ornamented horn takes the place of the crown at the back; these are only donned on

Sundays and state occasions, and at other times doubtless repose in the old painted trousseau-chest. The middle one is plainer, and gives the modest German *fraulein* a most prim and antiquated look, and, as she kneels in the cathedral, with downcast eyes, she could easily have stepped out of an Albrecht Dürer picture.

Not so the woman who holds the middle of the page. She has no hard, formal lines about her, everything is flowing and graceful; her white linen napkin is folded in the most picturesque manner, so as to fall on either side of her olive, oval face, and it sets off to the greatest advantage her splendid dark eyes. Although she looks down, she knows she looks artistic; and the first artist who sees her will want to put the Italian *contadina's* head on canvas—which is more than can be said of the sister of charity, who walks about the streets of Florence, wearing a huge Tuscan straw shade-hat, with a brim about two feet wide, over her simple convent attire.

As the sister's head-dress is simple and plain, so is the head-dress just below, belonging to a fresh-faced Holland girl, intricate and elaborate. The entire head is covered with a lace cap and frill, underneath which gleams a band of gold or silver; to the ends of these are attached gold blinders, which prevent any sidelong or wandering glances. Above the blinders are small rosettes of hair; not her own, which is rigidly put out of sight, but false, coarse little bunches, which, in turn, are surmounted by erect golden pins, like the antennæ of an insect. The last touch to this complex costume is a metal band that runs obliquely across the forehead; this is always an heirloom, and among rich Hollanders is sometimes set with diamonds.

The stiff Dutch lady below is from Broeck, in Holland, as she appeared sitting erect, listening to a Dutch sermon from a Dutch parson. Her head is gotten up like that of her young countrywoman, but is surmounted by her best Sunday bonnet, the fashion and shape of which never have changed from the first, in her quiet, well-scrubbed village.

The damsel from Utrecht was seen and sketched on a steam-boat, on the river Scheldt; she was on her travels, but her head-gear must have impeded her view, especially two large gold-wire springs, that protruded from her temples. No doubt they were thought to be very beautiful in Utrecht.

The object in the lower left-hand corner, if one studies it awhile, is found to be a woman becaped and bonneted, her nose only showing. This vision is seen constantly in Antwerp market.



The huge black silk bow on this fresh little blonde, although it has ends like rabbit-ears, certainly is not so ugly, when seen in the Baden forests or in Alsace, as are the great coal-scuttles

which the women of Scheveningen wear, as they tramp along the shores of the North Sea, with their baskets of fish; but these hats are so large and deep they hide the great red faces beneath.



THE BIG BLACK DOG AND THE BIG BLACK GOAT.

BY A. P. WILLIAMS.



A big black dog met a big black goat one day on the street. Said the big black dog to the big black goat: "Let's play!" "What shall we play?" said the big black goat to the big black dog. "A-ny-thing you like," said the big black dog to the big black goat. "Well," said the big black goat to the big black dog, and he stood up on his hind legs to make a bow. On his way down, the big black goat struck the big black dog with his head and threw him off the walk. "What's that?" said the big black dog to the big black goat. "I don't play that way!" "Butt!" said the big black goat to the big black dog, "that's the way I play!"



THE VAIN LITTLE GIRL.

By JOEL STACY.

ONCE there was a vain lit-tle girl named Kate, who thought more of her fine clothes than of a-ny-thing else. She would look in the glass a long time when-ev-er she put on her hat, and then she would turn and twist her-self this way and that, to ad-mire the bow of her wide sash-rib-bon.

Well, one day her mam-ma said: "Kate, if you will put on your hat quick-ly, you may drive with me in the Cen-tral Park. But I can wait for you on-ly two min-utes, my dear."

"Oh, yes, Mam-ma," said Kate, much de-light-ed; "I shall be read-y." So she went up-stairs and braid-ed her hair, and tied it with a rib-bon. Then she put on her best shoes, and her best dress, and her best sash. This she tied a-bout her waist in front, mak-ing a large bow; then she pushed the sash down as far as she could, and then turned it a-round so as to put the bow be-hind. But Kate did not yet feel sat-is-fied. The pink sash, she thought, would, af-ter all, look bet-ter than the blue one; so she took off the blue and put on the pink sash. Then she said she must have a pink bow on her hair to match the sash. At last she was near-ly dressed, all but the gloves—which pair should she wear? Her lace mits were pret-ty, but she felt they were too old; so she put on her white silk gloves, but soon took them off, be-cause they were too short to suit her. Then she put on her kid gloves, and felt just like cry-ing be-cause they were a lit-tle loose. Poor, fool-ish lit-tle girl! At last her gloves were on, and af-ter tak-ing her lit-tle par-a-sol from the shelf, and ad-mir-ing her-self in the glass a-gain and a-gain, she ran down-stairs.

"Mam-ma, Mam-ma!" she called. But Mam-ma did not an-swer.

Then Bridg-et, who was dust-ing the hall, said:

"Shure, Miss Ka-tie, if it's yer mam-ma ye are want-in', she's gone out rid-in' 'most an hour a-go, so she has."

Poor Kate! She sat down on the stairs and cried.

"It was all the fault of my gloves," she sobbed.

Do you think it was?





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

"GOOD-MORROW!" I said to you all,
When boisterous winds were blowing;
But now it's "good-day!" for it's May—
And never a morrow can come this way
More fair and good than a day in May,
Or wiser than this that is going.

She's smiling? Why, then it is well.
She is frowning? We need n't be snarling:
For if she is sad, it is bad
To whine, forsooth! that the day is n't glad,
For there is n't a weather that May has n't had
To work in and laugh in, the darling!

Now is she not lovely and true:
And is she not wise and knowing?
If it were not for her, why what would they do—
The things that are ready for growing?
So good-day to you all! I say,
For it's May, and she's here to-day,
And never a morrow can come this way
More fair and good than a day in May,
Whatever way she be going.

A FIRE BURNING FIFTY YEARS.

A FRIEND sends your Jack an account of a fire at a certain place in the State of Pennsylvania, which has already burned for nearly fifty years, and is likely to continue for years to come. The story goes on to say that, about half a century ago, some men opened a mining "drift" (or passage for an under-ground road) into a mountain about four miles from Pottsville, and that it was usual, at that time, to build a large fire at the mouth of the drift, in midwinter, to prevent its being blocked up by snow and ice. One Saturday night, in 1835, the fire was left unguarded, but Monday morning disclosed to the miners the result of their folly. The timber of the drift had ignited, and the flames had

been communicated to the coal in the mine. The mine had to be abandoned, and all efforts to quench the fire, which constantly grew more intense, were soon given up. The under-ground fire had its own way, and in time turned the mountain into a burning mass. A few years ago, when the flames were nearer the surface than now, the sky was lighted up with a ruddy glare at night, while rain and snow disappeared in clouds of vapor as they fell on the hot, parched surface. People who endeavored to open mines in the same vicinity have been repeatedly driven out by the fire.

ALWAYS ROOM FOR ONE MORE.

If you don't believe it, just reflect upon the fact—fresh from Deacon Green—that, in a single quart of water taken from a lake near Minneapolis, a scientific gentleman lately counted 1829 small creatures, all visible to the naked eye.

It may interest my younger hearers to know that, of these 1829 little folk, there were 1400 ceriodaphnia, 9 daphnia, 56 simocephalus, 50 cypris, 28 cyclops, 120 amphipods, 35 infusoria, 22 mollusks, 100 diptera, and 9 hemiptera.

The Deacon says that while 1800 does seem a rather large population for a quart of water, yet there's a certain "Mike"—mentioned, he tells me, in this very number of ST. NICHOLAS—who has often discovered our above-named friends, or some of their relatives, in numbers that leave the gentleman's count far behind.

A FIR-TREE AS A BUTTON-HOLE BOUQUET.

THE Chinese people are very ingenious, and, I'm told, are exceedingly skillful in dwarfing plants. It is said that the Chinese ladies wear in their bosoms little dwarf fir-trees which, by a careful system of starvation, have been reduced to the size of button-hole flowers. These remain fresh and evergreen in this dwarfed state for a number of years, and are worn by ladies of the highest rank in the Celestial Empire as a symbol of eternal love and devotion.

A CONCERT FOR HORSES.

YES, my dears; and once every week. It is told of Lord Holland, an English nobleman of the time of William III., that he used to give his horses a weekly concert in a covered gallery, built specially for the purpose. He maintained that it cheered their hearts and improved their tempers, and an eye-witness records the fact that "they seemed delighted therewith."

The Little School-ma'am says that Lord Holland was regarded as a very eccentric man, but—if all accounts are true—it could n't have been because of his horse-concerts merely. For I am told that there are some horses in America to-day that live in stables costing many thousands of dollars, and are much better fed, quartered, and served than three-fifths of the human population. Having

every other want supplied, why should human beings begrudge them the addition of a weekly concert—or any kind of entertainment they may fancy?

Strange to say, however (and with no offense to Lord Holland or anybody else), these facts *will* keep reminding me of a puzzling sentence I heard the Deacon quote, one day, from somebody whom he called "a wise philosopher." This is the sentence: "*Things* are in the saddle and ride mankind." You and I may not quite understand it, but it seems to mean a good deal—does n't it?

ANOTHER WONDERFUL ORCHID.

NEW YORK.
DEAR JACK: I don't wonder that your birds thought those "orchid" flowers you told us about in January were bees. The flowers themselves *do* look very much like bees, I assure you. Sister Nell and I saw some of them last summer when we were in England.

We have an uncle, though, who says he has seen another orchid that is just as funny as the one you showed us in the picture. It is



THE PUFFET-ORCHID OF MEXICO.

called the *puffet-orchid*, and grows in Mexico. I send you a drawing of it which Uncle made for us. He says to tell you that "the blossoms, or little flower-sprites, are clothed in yellow caps and scarlet aprons, and each one is upheld by a slender, curved stem, which causes the pretty elves to hold a 'nid-nid-nodding party,' whenever the slightest breeze past them."

Yours truly,

ALICE M—.

A GOVERNMENT BIRD.

I'M informed that the managers of the German Navy have resolved to employ carrier-pigeons as a means of communicating between light-ships and light-houses and the shore. It seems that they have been testing these fine birds in this business during the last few years, and that the feathered messengers have done their work like men—or better than men. Success to the Government bird, says your Jack.

A BOY'S AFTER-DINNER POEM.

THE Little School-ma'am asks me to show you these sage reflections in verse by a poetical boy, who one day after a hearty meal unexpectedly found his little conscience full of fish:

FISH THAT NEVER SWAM.

I ate at dinner eggs of shad.
Cooked shell and all, they are not bad;
And yet, somehow, it makes me sad
To think what fun they might have had
If they had hatched—a thousand shad.

But still, I know the Delaware
Has many others swimming there,
And these crude fish may be my share.
If all the eggs the fish prepare
Were laid and hatched, I do declare
There 'd be no water room to spare
For vessels on the Delaware.

It's well all fish are not so large
As that old one which took in charge
Poor Jonah in its whalebone jaws;
Because he did n't mind God's laws;
Or that great sturgeon, king of fish,
That came at Hiawatha's wish,—

And swallowed him and his canoe,
With Squirrel Adjidaumo, too,
And kept him there till it he slew
And sea-gulls pecked the daylight through.
Dear Mr. Longfellow surely knew
His fishing story was not true.

My eyes grow dim and fish-thoughts few;
To sturgeon, shad, and whale, adieu.

VICKERS OBERHOLTZER.

A POLICE-FORCE OF ANTS.

A QUEER way of employing ants is reported by an English gentleman, who has been traveling through one of the provinces of China. It appears that in many parts of the province of Canton the orange-trees are infested by worms, and to rid themselves of these pests the natives bring ants into the orangeries from the neighboring hills. The ants are trapped by holding the mouth of a lard-bladder to their nests. They are then placed among the branches of the orange-trees, where they form colonies, and bamboo rods are laid from tree to tree to enable the ants to move throughout the orangery.

THE LETTER-BOX

As the four composition subjects for this month,* we suggest the following:

WHAT AN AMATEUR NEWSPAPER SHOULD BE.
THE STRUGGLES OF A SCHOOL-MONITOR.
DO DOGS OR HORSES SHOW MOST AFFECTION FOR THEIR MASTERS?
THE WARS OF THE ROSES.

In behalf of the poor children of New York, ST. NICHOLAS heartily thanks "The Busy Bee Club" of Brooklyn for the following letter, and the twelve dollars which the club sent with it as a subscription to The Children's Garfield Fund:

BROOKLYN, N. Y., March 17, 1883.
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Having seen your notice about The Children's Garfield Fund in the Letter-Box of January ST. NICHOLAS, our club determined to get up an entertainment in aid of the same. So we had two plays, some music, and recitations, in the parlor of Miss Clara Carr (one of our members), on the 22d of February, 1883. We charged ten cents admission, and made the sum of twelve dollars (\$12.00), for which we inclose a check. Please acknowledge the receipt of it through ST. NICHOLAS.

Your constant readers,

ELEANOR WICKES, Pres. THE BUSY BEE CLUB.
CARRIE BELCHER, Treas. NELLIE PARKER, Secy.
Members: Clara Carr, Sadie Rhodes, Bessie Rhodes, May Carman.

We acknowledge with thanks, also, another subscription from the same city, sent by a correspondent who modestly signs herself "Julia," but who incloses one dollar for the Fund.

For full particulars concerning The Children's Garfield Fund, see ST. NICHOLAS for November, 1882, and July, 1882.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb., 1883.
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Can you tell me who was the author of the verses that begin—

"There was a little girl,
And she had a little curl
Right in the middle of her forehead;
And when she was good
She was very, very good,
And when she was bad she was horrid?" etc.

It is thought by some to have been written by Longfellow for the amusement of his children. Your constant reader, F. I. G.

Who will answer this question?

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want Papa to say that I am a little girl who never had ST. NICHOLAS before this one, and I think it elegant. I am often very bad, but I will keep good now, and Papa will buy me ST. NICHOLAS every month. He helped me some to make out the puzzles, but I will soon be clever enough to do it all alone.
Your new friend,

(P. S.—DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: If this inducement succeeds, it will be the first that has been able to restrain a temper certainly not gotten by example from "PAPA.")

We print the above letter and postscript just as they came to us, omitting only the name, place, and date. But we hope to receive another letter by and by, stating that the "inducement" has "succeeded" in enabling our new little friend to "keep good" all the time.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Feb., 1883.
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was very much pleased, upon looking over one of our old ST. NICHOLASES, to find an account of the Swiss glaciers in the November number for 1880. It was doubly interesting to me from the fact that I have seen those very glaciers. We

* See ST. NICHOLAS for October and January.

rode for three days in a carriage, going from Brieg to Andermatt, stopping at the Rhone glacier on our way. I never shall forget it. My sister and I walked up to the glacier, with an old guide, and saw the cavern where the Rhone comes out. It comes out of a big cavern in the ice, first a little stream, then gradually flowing into the river. I spent three years abroad, and enjoyed myself very much. I hope you will print my letter, as I am very fond of reading the ST. NICHOLAS. I have taken lessons on the violin for nearly three years. Your affectionate reader, JOSEPH C. HOFFIN.

JEFFERSONVILLE, IND., March 5, 1883.
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I commenced taking ST. NICHOLAS when I was seven years old, and now I am eleven. I have seven volumes, bound in red and gold, with my name on them, and I read them over and over a great many times. We have had a great flood here, and 8000 people were without homes. If it had not been for the kind people everywhere, sending us food and clothes and money, many would have died. At the cottage in which I was born the water was ten feet deep, and I went skiff-riding over the fences, trees, and tree-boxes, right up to the top of the door, and we could have gone in through the upper sash of the window. The house in which we live stands on a bluff forty feet high, on the bank of the Ohio River, and I saw thirteen houses drift down the river one day. In one house there were four persons: a man, his wife, and two children; they were waving a white cloth, and the life-savers came to their rescue. A little cradle went by with a little blue-eyed boy-baby in it, and went on down the river, and some one caught it and is keeping it until called for. I expect its parents are drowned, as it is there yet. We are all very poor now, but we are so glad to be alive and well, that we do not mind it much. A. C. W.

T. HAMPTON.—No conditions are imposed upon those who wish to send answers to puzzles.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 1, 1883.
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you for a good many years now, and I think I have the privilege of an old correspondent, of making a few remarks on the production of Mary Lizzie Spear, in your March number for 1883. I don't think Miss Spear gives the Eastern children a correct idea of the California boys, or of their ingenuity, in saying that "none of them knew how to go about making a sled," for they use them here—of course, not as they do in the snow countries, but surely enough so as to know how to make one, they being such simple things. They are used very often here for a sport quite well known, namely: A number of boys make a sled, and after getting a long rope, wait in the road for a wagon to come along. Seeing one, they rush forward and slip it (the rope) around anything convenient in the back part of the wagon, so getting a ride.

And as you must know from the newspapers, ST. NICHOLAS, the weather during the latter part of December was so cold here that it was said that, if this was a snow country, the signal service would have predicted a snow-storm. Therefore, your Easterners must not imagine that we had mild weather before the storm; and I think that the party must have had a rather cold day on that shore, which is never too warm. Hoping to see the judgment of the California members of ST. NICHOLAS as to which is the more correct of these two letters concerning California and Californian children, I remain,
Yours sincerely, A. H. S.

In connection with the "Art and Artists" installment for this month, we present the following list of the principal works of Anton Vandyck to be seen in European galleries: PITTI PALACE, FLORENCE: Portraits of Cardinal Bentivoglio, and of Charles I. and Henrietta Maria. UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE: Equestrian portrait of Charles V., portrait of John Montfort. THE SPESA, MILAN: "Madonna and St. Anthony." CAPITOL MUSEUM, ROME: "An Entombment." PINACOTECA, TURIN: Three children of Charles I., "Holy Family," an equestrian portrait. MUSEUM, ANTWERP: "Descent from the Cross," "The Entombment," a portrait. MUSEUM, BRUSSELS: "Crucifixion of St. Peter," "A Satyr," portrait of Alexandre de la Faille. MUSEUM OF THE TRIEFENHUIS, AMSTERDAM: Two children of Charles I. MUSEUM, BERLIN: Seven pictures, including four portraits, "The Mocking of Christ," and the "Descent of the Holy Ghost." GALLERY, CASSEL: Four fine

portraits. DRESDEN GALLERY: Ten portraits, and a St. Jerome. PINACOTHEK, MUNICH: Twelve pictures, ten portraits, and two pictures of the Pietà. THE BELVEDERE, VIENNA: Nine pictures, four portraits, two Madonnas, "Venus and Vulcan," "Samson and Delilah," "Holy Family," and a Magdalen. ROYAL MUSEUM, MADRID: Nine portraits, "The Crowning with Thorns," and the "Betrayal of Christ." LOUVRE, PARIS: Thirteen portraits, "Renaud and Armaid," "St. Sebastian," "Dead Christ," and two Madonnas. GALLERY AT HAMPTON COURT: "Samson and Delilah," and two portraits. NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON: "Miraculous Draught of Fishes," a study, and a portrait of Vandyck. THE HERMITAGE, ST. PETERSBURG: Twenty-one portraits, "Naked Boys Blowing Bubbles," "Holy Family," "Incredulity of St. Thomas," and "Martyrdom of St. Sebastian."

GOLDSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My sister has taken you since the second year you were published, but this year I take you in place of my sister. I think you are lovely, and every month I await you anxiously. My mother and I are traveling through the South this winter, and some of the things I see are so funny. My uncle has a very clever setter dog, which can do a great many tricks. When I was at school, he always appeared at the school at a quarter of twelve to take my books home. I hope you will print this in your Letter-Box, and oblige your constant reader,

EDITH C.

A TRUE STORY ABOUT A COW.

I was going to our barn one day to get the ax. I had to jump a fence. Now Dolly, the cow, was shut up inside of this fence. I am very much afraid of her, because she likes to hook. So I stood up and looked about me to see where she was. I noticed that the barn door stood open. It was a very big sliding door. There were two of them, and they met in the middle. Two large barrels of bran were in the barn, uncovered. Now our hired man, Sam, was very careful to keep the door shut, because cows will eat bran or midding until they burst themselves. I had left the door shut except one inch, but while I was gone Dolly was wise enough to push her horn through into the crack, and open it enough to put her head in, then her body, and last of all her tail. Then she walked straight to the bran, and began to eat as fast as she could. The minute I saw her in the barn I called Sam, and in two minutes up came Sam, all out of breath from running so fast. I told him what had happened, and he rushed in and drove her out, and locked the door and went away.

P. G. W. (a little boy eleven years old).

AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION—TWENTY-SIXTH REPORT.

We have renewed cause for gratitude this month in the kind offers of help which come to us from several well-known specialists. The first two are for our botanists:

"If your correspondents desire the names of any ferns, grasses, or plants in general, or any information on the subject of botany, I shall be glad to answer all such, or at least all that come from west of the Mississippi. I realize the value of such work as you are doing.

MARCUS E. JONES, Salt Lake City, Utah."

"Noticing your call for the aid of specialists, I briefly offer my services in the following directions: 1. General botanical items of interest. 2. Classification of all flowering plants and vascular cryptogams (ferns, etc.), found on the North American continent and in Germany; also their life histories, etc. 3. *Gasteromycetes* (puffballs) of the world. 4. *Spiders* of the U. S. 5. Mammals of the U. S.

AUG. F. FOERSTE, Dayton, Ohio."

"If I can serve the cause mineralogically, call on me.

"DAVID ALLAN, Box 113, Webster Groves, Missouri."

"I should be glad to assist the A. A. in any matter relating to marine zoology.

"C. F. HOLDER, American Museum Nat. Hist.,

"Central Park (77th st. and 8th ave.), New York, N. Y."

"I have watched, with more interest than I can readily communicate, the genesis and development of the A. A. In answer to your call for assistance, I shall be most happy to identify minerals and the commoner forms of paleozoic fossils.

"WM. M. BOWRON, South Pittsburg, Tenn."

"ACADEMY NATURAL SCIENCES, OF PHILADELPHIA,

"10th and Race streets, March 1, 1883.

"Having seen your call, in St. Nicholas of this month, for assistance in answering the many questions brought forward by the members of the A. A., I take pleasure in offering my aid. My specialties are entomology and conchology. With earnest desire for the success of the society,

G. HOWARD PARKER."

The gentlemen who have thus freely offered their aid can hardly realize how great a service they are rendering. Think of it! Here are over 5000 young and older amateur naturalists belonging to our society, most of whom, living in remote towns, have few opportunities of instruction in the subjects of their choice. They are now placed in such a position that they can go right on with their observations without leaving home; can be advised as to the best books for consultation in their several departments; can exchange specimens and thoughts with members in all the different States and Territories; and can have the assistance of men trained in special departments of science, and all without expense. May not the A. A. be the means of solving one of the most perplexing educational questions of the day? Who knows but we may yet offer regular courses of reading and study in the several departments, followed by examinations, and the presentation of certificates?

That our members are not slow to appreciate the increased advantages the A. A. offers them, is proved by the more earnest and encouraging tone of our Chapter reports, as well as by the large list of new branches which follows:

NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	Name.	Members.	Secretary's Address.
423	Perth Amboy, N. J. (A).....	16.	Bertha Mitchell.
424	Decorah, Iowa. (A).....	5.	W. E. Clifford.
425	Greeley, Col. (A).....	9.	Louis L. Haynes.
426	La Porte, Ind. (B).....	4.	Leo B. Austin.
427	New York, N. Y. (L).....	4.	Chas. H. Brooks, "Tremont."
428	St. Paul, Minn. (C).....	6.	Philip C. Allen, 5 Laurel ave.
429	Dorchester, Mass. (A).....	9.	Miriam Badlam, 15 Columbia street.
430	Kinmundy, Ill. (A).....	5.	Bertie Squire.
431	Terre Haute, Ind. (A).....	7.	Jacob Greiner, 432 N. Center.
432	Grand Rapids, Dakota. (A).....	5.	Jesse French.
433	Dallas, Texas. (A).....	9.	David C. Hinckley.
434	Meadville, Pa. (A).....	6.	Lawrence Streit.
435	Northampton, Mass. (B).....	4.	H. L. Halliard, box 756.
436	Toronto, Ont. (A).....	3.	Robert Holmes, 273 Bathurst street.
437	Burlington, N. J. (B).....	4.	Natalie McNeal.
438	Somerville, Mass. (A).....	6.	Harry E. Sears, cor. Medford and Chester sts.
439	Wilmington, Del. (B).....	4.	Percy C. Pyle, 417 Washington street.
440	Keene, N. H. (A).....	6.	F. H. Foster, box 301.
441	Valparaiso, Chili. (A).....	7.	W. Sabina.
442	Waldoboro, Me. (A).....	4.	Thomas Brown.
443	Brunswick, Me. (A).....	6.	E. B. Young.

REQUESTS FOR EXCHANGE.

Leaves, flowers, and seed of Chinese tea.—Alfred Stoehr, Cincinnati, O., 99 East Liberty st.

Eggs.—Fred Russell, 38 Concord st., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Orange blossoms and mistletoe.—F. C. Sawyer, Beaulerc, Fla.

Agates, Florida moss, minerals, etc.—Maude M. Lord, 75 Lambert st., New Haven, Conn.

Labels for specimens.—H. M. Downs, box 176, Rutland, Vt.

Copper ore, manganese ore, and other minerals.—K. M. Fowler, Sweetland, Cal.

After April 1st, silk-worm eggs.—Box 24, Beverly, N. J.

Sea-urchins, star-fish, minerals, for ocean curiosities, and fossils.—E. C. Shaw, 60 Locust st., Toledo, O.

Cocoons, *Attacus cecropia*, for minerals, corals, etc.—Walter M. Patterson, 1020 West Van Buren st., Chicago, Ill.

Minerals, for bugs: lead and silver ore, for tin and zinc.—E. P. Boynton, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Minerals, petrified wood, and shells, for fossils and sea-mosses.—D. G. Hinckley, 1435 Elm st., Dallas, Texas.

Birds' eggs, minerals, etc.—Frank W. Wentworth, 1337 Michigan ave., Chicago, Ill.

Coral and ocean shells.—Lemuel A. Wells, Newington, Conn.

1. What is the most common bird in America? 2. What is the largest known glacier in the world? 3. What makes the "fire" in opals? 4. How many minerals in the U. S. whose names end in "ite"?—Chicago F.

Plumbago and rose quartz from N. H.—Louis Ager, 295 Carlton ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Minerals.—Joseph Stiles, Belmont, Nev.

Two cocoons, *Attacus cecropia*, and two fossil *spiroferes*.—Ira Larned, Dearborn st., Chicago.

Copper ore, feldspar, and other minerals and shells, for trap-door spiders' nests, fossils, etc.—Thomas Brown, box 55, Waldoboro, Me.

Three olive shells for natural curiosities, except birds' eggs.—Willie D. Grier, 590 Tremont st., Boston, Mass.

Lingulas and minerals.—Alvin S. Wheeler, Dubuque, Iowa.

Minerals.—G. H. Chittenden, Washington st., Dorchester, Boston, Mass.

REPORTS FROM CHAPTERS.

The mass of reports has so accumulated that we must be content to glance very rapidly at them.

No. 158 is re-organized.—219 has collected 70 cocoons, and a few winter birds, such as pine grosbeak, and has spent most of its time in arranging and labeling previously collected specimens.—352, Amherst, Mass., numbers 20, and not one has dropped. Three of the members have seen hair-snakes come from the side of the body of a cricket.—The President of 382 gives blackboard notes on entomology at each meeting, which are copied by the members, and at each meeting, also, some interesting extract is read aloud, such as a story about Robert Dick or Hugh Miller, or one of the parables from nature.—Berwyn, Pa., numbers 14 active and 2 honorary. Prizes have been offered in the Chapter for best collections of insects, with excellent results. At each meeting the President has named one mineral to be the subject for the following meeting. During the week all the members studied the subject, and were prepared for a thorough discussion. Among the questions that have been asked are: Why is frost formed on the inside of window-panes? Difference between igneous and aqueous rocks? What distinguishing peculiarity of quartz crystal apart from its shape? (Ans. The striae on its lateral faces.) What are Plutonic rocks? What are mineral carthos? Have birds the sense of taste? What is bog iron ore? [See Crosby's "Common Minerals."] John F. Glosser, Sec.—390, Chester, Mass., has 32 members, and posts weekly printed notices of its meetings. A peculiarly interesting Chapter has been formed at Valparaiso, Chile. The first in South America since Cordoba moved North. Its members are Nos. 500 to 507 of the A. A. I.—Chicago F, 229, has elaborate letter-heads and envelopes. "Each member has two insect-nets, and a little kit, with chloroform, etc., for insect hunting."—The new Secretary of 188, Newport A., is F. Burdick, P. O. box 614.—Chapter 366, Webster Groves, Mo., has flourished upon ignorant local opposition, and has increased in numbers from 39 to 65.—364 asks about arrow-heads, etc. These, and coins, stamps, etc., are not recognized by the A. A.—Cedar Rapids, Iowa, has found seven different kinds of scales on butterflies' wings. [Why not send pictures of them?].—170, Brookfield, Mass., celebrated its anniversary by a special meeting, with essays, etc.: 14 members.—285, Dubuque, Iowa, is getting on exceedingly well; has purchased a nice cabinet, and is studying geology.

There is to be a general reunion of all Chicago Chapters on Agassiz's birthday, May 28.—Chicago G is very active, and intends to "cannass the country round and secure a collection of all the minerals of Chicago."—Cedar Rapids, Iowa, has earned the thanks and classes of the animal kingdom, and has debated with C, its sister Chapter, the interesting question: whether *Arachnida* should be classed under the *Insecta*. Pro: A. S. Packard, Jr., W. E. Wilson, Sanborn Tenney. Contra: J. G. Wood and Webster's Dictionary. [We wish to hear from the A. A. generally on this question.] It is asked whether a corresponding member of the A. A. can also be a member of a Chapter. [Certainly, and vice versa.] Does the sap in trees ever freeze? What is it that we see above and around a hot stove? Has a mole eyes? [Yes.] Can insects hear? The interest of Neillville, Wis., "grows daily," and its visible growth is seen in a handsome black-walnut case for the butterflies collected last year.—261, East Boston, has 26 members. "At our next meeting we are to hear several sketches of the lives of great naturalists."—303 has earned a dagger in the hand-book by decreasing; but its wide-awake Secretary remains a corresponding member.—North Adams, Mass., has a new Secretary, Miss Lulu Radio. Collections are to be made of minerals, insects, and plants.—Sag Harbor, N. Y., is "flourishing"; has increased to 30 regular and 6 honorary members, and has for exchange micaceous quartz, silver ore, olive and ebony wood, and skates' egg cases.—Bryan, O., is having "splendid" meetings; collecting scraps for a scrap-book, and making excursions.—The members of Chicago E, 153, "go in a body once a fortnight to the Academy of Science. There the President distributes cards containing the names of birds and mammals common here. Each then goes to the cases and finds some bird named on his list, and studies it. When we think we can describe the birds we have selected, we assemble, and are called on in turn to give a description of the chosen bird, but without telling its name. If the members can not tell from the description what the bird's name is, the describer tells it himself. After all are done, the President reads the list, bidding each one to speak when the name of a bird is read that he does not know. The descriptions are kept in note-books."—Altoona, Pa., has 15 members and a fine cabinet, and promises some fossils for our general A. A. cabinet, for which our thanks, we trust, will soon be due. [By the way, members of the A. A. can greatly help us in our work if they will now and then send for the Central A. A. Museum's labeled specimens in their several departments. Chapter No. 1, Lenox, is having cases made and a room furnished for this purpose, and we hope to build up a museum which shall worthily represent the Association. All specimens should have the name of the donor attached. Each Chapter should be represented on our shelves, as many of them already are.]—Belpre, O., writes: "Some of the folks take an interest in us, and others make fun of us, but I notice they are very anxious to know what we are doing."—Scituate, Mass., has 39 members.—Taunton, Mass., 93; has over 800 specimens, and Pine City, Minn., lately formed, has 244 varieties of insects.—Buffalo 2, always one of our best Chapters, sends a report so long and full of interest that

it would not be altogether a bad plan to print it entire, for our general report, if there were not 432 other Chapters. Buffalo B is anxious for a general representative meeting of the A. A. next summer, or "some time."—106 has been re-organized.—Beverly, N. J., has made large and valuable additions to its cabinet. "The way we do is this: every week we have essays on some such subject as geology. The first paper names the orders, and mentions some examples of each. The other papers describe the specific examples."—Edinger, Ky., has found the head of a trilobite measuring 2 by 2½ inches, and is preparing an herbarium.—The address of 311, omitted from St. Nicholas, is San Juan, Col., Mrs. J. L. Brewster, Secretary, 5 members.—333, Philadelphia K, has 26 volumes as a nucleus for a library.—San Francisco 321 is "getting on" splendidly, and desires a book giving names and pictures of eggs.—Amherst, Mass., desires correspondence. Address H. L. Clarke, Providence, R. I., Soc.

NOTES.

(1) *Spider*.—I found what seemed to be a brown spider. It measured 1½ inches from the extremities of its legs. Its body was entirely covered with little spiders. Next morning it was dead. The little spiders, at least 50, were swarming on the glass. I had read that spiders' eggs are laid in a cocoon. HIRAM N. BICE, Utica, N. Y.

(2) *Rabbit and Weasel*.—A little white weasel was observed to drag the body of a large rabbit for sixty rods, over many obstacles. When twigs hindered, its sharp white teeth removed them.

(3) *Birds*.—I feed many birds from the cupola of our house, and they have grown so tame that one dear little fellow came from my hand.

(4) *Electricity*.—This winter every metal thing in our house gives electric sparks. The largest come from the steam-radiators. I have conducted the electricity from bells and gas-jets along a wire. Can any one explain it? WILLIE SHERATON, Toronto, Canada.

(5) *Pollen*.—The grain of heartsease seems to be a prism. A. B.

(6) *Wingless Moths*.—Some of my caterpillars left their cocoons Nov. 1, 1882, and had no wings. They soon died. I do not understand it. Wilmington, Del.

(7) *Snakes, Fly-catcher*.—For a month I have fed my pet snakes nothing, but they seem as lively as ever. I saw one of my large rattlesnakes shed its skin. It accomplished this by drawing its body around rough stones in the bottom of the case. I have noticed that nine times out of ten the nest of the great Custer fly-catcher contains two or three snake-skins. I heard of one who, unable to find them, substituted onion skins. JAS. DE B. ARBOUT.

(8) *Polyphemus Cecropia*.—I have found the larvæ of polyphemus on hard and soft maple, white birch, and elm. I have found cecropia on white birch and syringa. E. H. PIERCE, Auburn, N. Y.

(9) *Spider*.—While I was watching a spider, it started out horizontally into the air, with no web in front of it. It went a few feet and stopped, keeping up a nimble movement with its feet. Presently it started again, went some 20 feet, stopped again, and then again went on till out of sight. How does it sustain and how propel itself? ZOA GOODWIN.

(10) *Smallest Flower*.—The smallest flower in the world is *Scenella Polyrhiza*. E. D. LOWELL, Jackson, Mich.

(11) *Albino Squirrels*.—I have two snow-white squirrels with pink eyes. They were taken from a gray squirrel's nest. Why are they white? A. W. BOARDMAN, Meriden, Conn.

(12) *Hornet's Nest*.—Geneva's challenge is accepted. I have a hornet's nest that measures from crown to tip 27 inches, and in circumference 42 inches. It was cut from an apple-branch at Bustleton, Philadelphia. T. C. PEARSON.

(13) *Hair-snakes*.—I have taken hair-snakes from crickets. H. L. CLARKE.

(14) *Snow-flies*.—On January 31, 1883, I observed thousands of snow-flies on the unfrozen surface of a pond. H. L. CLARKE.

A change of Secretary in a Chapter causes so much confusion that we strongly urge each Chapter to take a P. O. box which may be the Chapter's permanent address. Since the publication of the A. A. Hand-book, the first edition of which is nearly exhausted, the number of Chapters has nearly doubled; and the question of a second edition, revised, containing addresses of all Chapters and other new matter, must soon be decided. We should like to hear from the Association regarding the matter. Before writing to the President, members should recall the conditions of correspondence given in previous reports. In particular, write requests for exchange on separate slips of paper. It will be an additional assistance if Notes on Natural History (which we propose hereafter to number for convenient reference) be written on separate slips, and not in the middle of Chapter reports. Owing to the pressure on our columns, reports must appear substantially in the form shown in this number of St. Nicholas, and the nearer to this form they are when they reach us, the less labor will be required to prepare them for print.

All communications, including reports heretofore sent to Mr. Glosser, must be addressed to HARLAN H. BALLARD, Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

PROVERB REBUS.

THE answer to the accompanying illustration is a familiar proverb.

RHOMBUS.

I. ACROSS: 1. A bird. 2. A swarm of bees. 3. A pool or lake. 4. An epithet. DOWNWARD: 1. In riddle. 2. An exclamation. 3. Vigor. 4. Smooth. 5. Epoch. 6. A printer's measure. 7. In riddle.

II. ACROSS: 1. To stagger. 2. To distribute. 3. A ferocious animal. 4. An apartment. DOWNWARD: 1. In numerical. 2. A boy's nickname. 3. A make-like fish. 4. The bed of a wild beast. 5. Three-fourths of a word meaning to observe. 6. A word of denial. 7. In numerical.

"NOVICE," and "C. D."

SYNCOPIATIONS.

THE syncope letters, placed in the order here given, will spell one of the United States.

1. Syncope a drain, and leave a prophet. 2. Syncope the understanding, and leave the proper count of the seed of wheat. 3. Syncope a proper amount of medicine, and leave a deer. 4. Syncope to chide, and leave bartered. 5. Syncope a marine conveyance, and leave an animal. 6. Syncope to weave, and leave a wooden tub. 7. Syncope a substance which exudes from certain trees, and leave to govern by a bridle. 8. Syncope suffering, and leave the god of shepherds. 9. Syncope a sound, and leave part of the foot.

CLARA J. C.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals name an article important at an annual festival; my finals name what is worn by the principal personage at the festival.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Deriding. 2. A country of Asia. 3. A measure of time. 4. A loud and prolonged sound. 5. A chief of the Seminole Indians who died in Fort Moultrie in 1838. 6. Gaunt. 7. A species of antelope found in South Africa.

PI.

HET norib, teh nefurneror fo eht rispqn,
HET ludibreb, hitw sit judnoc logincar,
HET seltres slowslaw dubingil ni eth vaese,
HET dolneg rectubaup, het sargs, eth vaices,
HET sallic sotsing ni hte sniwd fo ayM,
Lal clomewe hiat jamstice iholady.

J. A. C.

MYTHOLOGICAL NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of sixty-one letters, and am a verse from the Book of Psalms.

My 58-6-14-19 is the muse who presides over history. My 41-13-29-37-50-24 is the son and trumpeter of Neptune. My 1-27-2-53-30 is a fabled personage, who is represented as bearing

the world upon his shoulders. My 61-45-12-40-10 is the goddess who presides over hunting. My 42-18-36-46-20-6-60-21 is the son of Jupiter, celebrated for his great strength. My 56-50-44-59 is what he had to do. My 34-9-19-5-28 was the god of eloquence among the ancient Egyptians. My 31-39-58-46-47-26-54-4-35 is a priestess of Bacchus. My 33-16-23-2-3-39 is the muse who presides over comedy. My 51-26-8-32-49 were three goddesses who presided over human destinies. My 17-25-48-31-7-30 was the capitol of Boeotia. My 38-50-22-43-36 was the greatest poet of Greece. My 1-43-15-57-49 was the shield given by Jupiter to Minerva. My 52-55-11-16-19-6-50-15-55 is the science treating of myths.

M. T. Z.

CHARADE.

In my *first*, when gay flowers were blooming,
Forth with my *second* I went,
Admiring the pleasant landscape,
Inhaling the fragrant scent.
Soon we came where a stately mansion
Grew under the builder's art;
There my *whole* at his toil we discovered,
Contentedly doing his part.

W. H. A.

WORD SYNCOPIATIONS.

EXAMPLE: Take a small boy from an illness, and leave a month of blossoms. ANSWER: Ma-lady.

1. Take an epic poem of the Spaniards from to determine, and leave a river of Scotland. 2. Take to gain from wound around, and leave a boy's nickname. 3. Take inside from a dearth, and leave celebrity. 4. Take hostility from recompense, and leave a color. 5. Take a kind of engraving from straining, and leave a cord. 6. Take a part of the head from closest, and leave a home for birds. 7. Take one of the measures from pertaining, and leave a creature. 8. Take a tiny portion from restricted, and leave a cover. 9. Take a visit from brought back, and leave a marsh grass. 10. Take a conjunction from remote, and leave to pretend. 11. Take frigid from upbraiding, and leave to warble. 12. Take a well-known game from the price paid for the conveyance of a letter, and leave to place in position.

"THE HOUGHTON FAMILY."

NINE-BLOCK PUZZLE.

FIG. I.

1	2	3
4	5	6
7	8	9

FIG. II.

1	2	3
4	9	5
6	7	8

Cut out of paper or card-board nine small squares numbered and placed as in Fig. I. In sixteen moves arrange the blocks as they appear in Fig. II., without taking out any, except removing the "one" block when beginning and replacing it when finished. In sending solutions, indicate the process in this way: 2 left, 5 up, 6 right, 3 down, etc., etc.

E. Z. C.

GREEK CROSS.

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I. UPPER SQUARE: 1. A luminous body. 2. A weed that grows among wheat. 3. Sciences. 4. Repose.

II. LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A couple. 2. An abbot. 3. A bird highly venerated by the ancient Egyptians. 4. Repose.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. Repose. 2. A girl's name. 3. To disgrace. 4. A weed that grows among wheat.

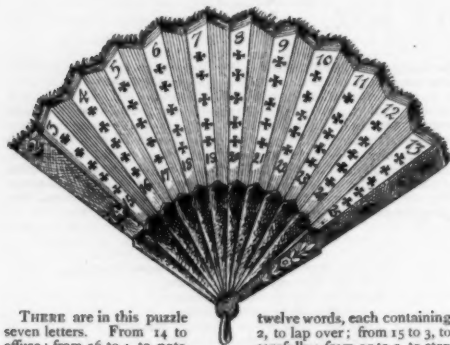
IV. RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A weed that grows among wheat. 2. An entrance or passage. 3. A French word meaning "nothing."

4. A famous volcano.

V. LOWER SQUARE: 1. A weed that grows among wheat. 2. Sour. 3. To be conveyed. 4. A delightful region.

HARRY B. SPARKS.

FAN PUZZLE.



THERE are in this puzzle seven letters. From 14 to effuse; from 16 to 4, to note beyond; from 18 to 6, a sea-port town of Italy; from 19 to 7, pertaining to the Empire of Turkey; from

2, to lap over; from 15 to 3, to carefully; from 17 to 5, to step beyond; from 19 to 7, pertaining to the Empire of Turkey; from 20 to 8, without study or prep-

aration; from 21 to 9, gross injury; from 22 to 10, one who holds an office; from 23 to 11, the wife of Mark Antony; from 24 to 12, a station at a distance from the main body of an army; from 25 to 13, an affront.

The row of figures from 14 to 25 all represent the same letter. The row of figures from 2 to 13 represent letters which spell a word meaning to overpower by weight. "GIGLAMPS."

NOVEL CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in September; my second in April; my third in May; my fourth in December; my fifth in March; my sixth in July. My whole is a gala day coming in the spring. F. DUSTIN.

PATRIOTIC PL.

WHEN rightly arranged, the following words will form a well known stanza of six lines by William Collins. All the capitals used in the original verse are retained in the pi.

When hallowed Spring Returns with sweeter wishes Than ever cold dewy fingers to sink Fancy's sod How shall She have the country's mould there to dress their rest their brave sleep who trod a deck By all feet blest. HATTIE L.

DIAMOND.

1. IN Michigan. 2. A projecting part of a wheel. 3. An animal without horns. 4. A beautiful white flower. 5. A kind of fruit. 6. One-half of a word meaning to delay. 7. IN Michigan. GRACE EDDINGTON.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER.

ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE. Silhouette. 1. Hut. 2. Teeth. 3. List. 4. Thistle. 5. Son. 7. House. 8. Oil. 9. Idlet. 10. Tiles. 11. Sheet. 12. Hoe. 13. Toilet. 14. Tie. 15. Lute. 16. Hole. 17. Suit. 18. Silt. 19. Stile. 20. Title. 21. Hill. 22. Stilt. 23. Sole. 24. Heel. 25. Sol. 26. Hose. 27. Shoe. 28. Toes.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Charles; finals, Dickens. Cross-words: 1. CheereD. 2. Hol (den). 3. Adriatic. 4. RooK. 5. Lucrative. 6. Entertain. 7. SaluteS.

REVERSIBLE WORDS. 1. Now—won. 2. Reward—drawer. RIDDLE. Guilt—gilt.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE. 1. Negro. 2. Thomas. 3. Guinea. 4. Shanghai. 5. Bantams. 6. Thomas. 7. Fear. 8. Sable. 9. Ada. 10. Morgan. 11. Sunflower. 12. Carroll. 13. Hart. 14. Great Bear. 15. Buffalo. 16. Bullock. 17. Hungary. 18. Cook. 19. Ada. 20. Nubia. 21. Afghan. 22. Rice. 23. Salmon. 24. Turkey. 25. Chira. 26. Orange. 27. Malaga. 28. Brazil. 29. Mocha.

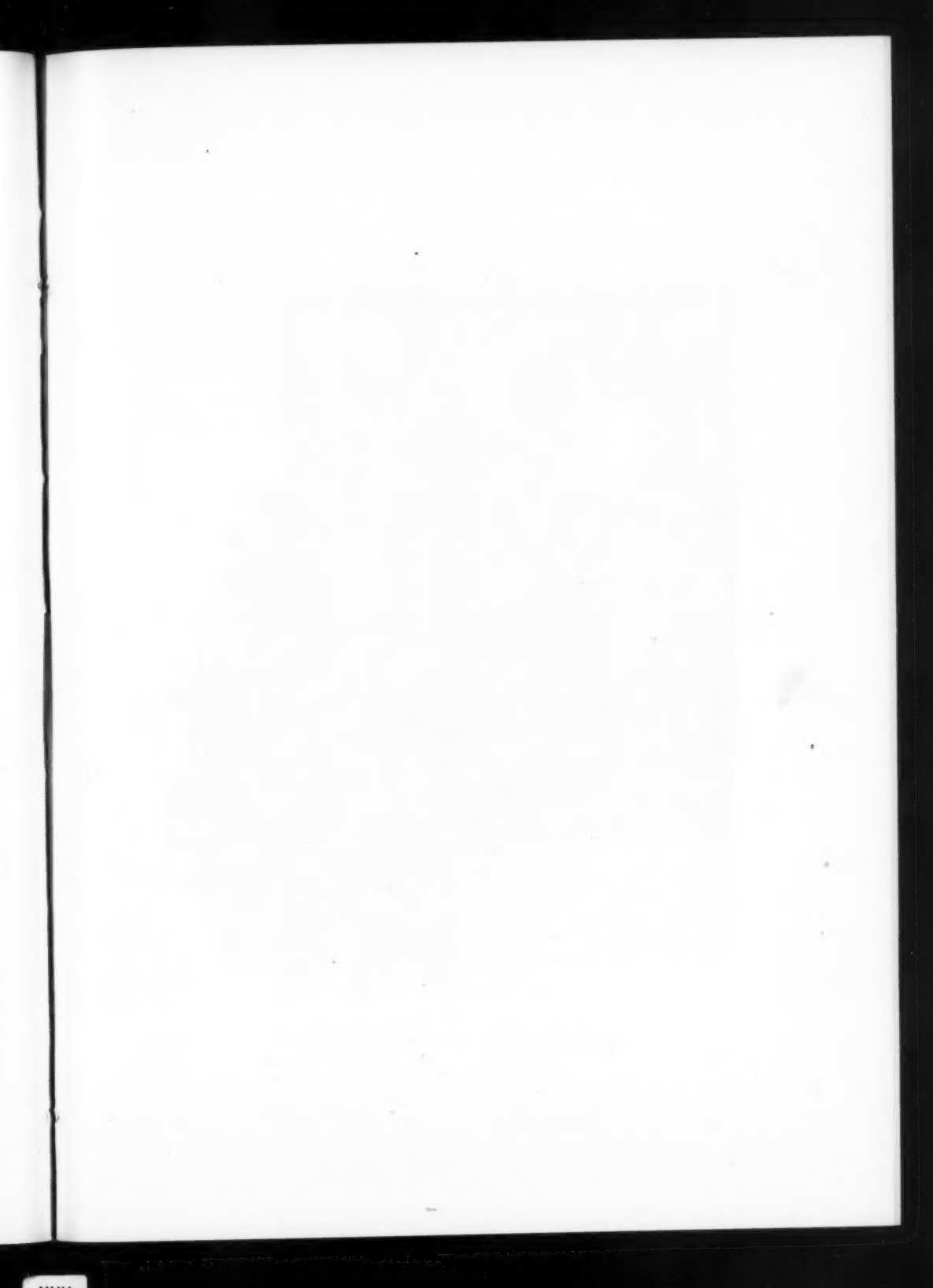
NOVEL ACROSTIC. Longfellow, Evangeline. Cross-words: 1. LeEward. 2. ObVious. 3. NeArest. 4. GeNesis. 5. FaGging. 6. EmErald. 7. LuLaby. 8. Lelsure. 9. OmNibus. 10. WhEedle.

ANSWERS TO FEBRUARY PUZZLES were received, too late for acknowledgment in the April number, from George B. Carter, 1—Sonora, 3—W. Rigby, Manchester, England, 1—George Smith Hayter, Highgate, London, 10.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received, before March 20, from "Aunt Arabella"—H. F. Davis—Cuchee Smith—Florence G. Lane—The Houghton Family—S. R. T.—Clara Franc and Co.—Arthur Grice—K. M. B.—Professor and Co.—"Alcibiades"—Fannie, Sadie, Fanny, and Carrie—Belle Bartholomew—"Charles"—Olive M. Allen—"Two Subscribers"—Pinnie and Jack—Paul Reese—Amy G. Torrance—Helen Peirce—C. and Wm. V. Moses—Marna and Bae—Sam Pell—Marie, Annie, Mamma and Papa—"Town and Country"—Helen F. Turner—Clara J. Child—Francis W. Islip—D. B. Shumway—Appleton H.—Sallie Viles—Katie Schoonmaker—The Martins—Lillie C. Lippert—John W. Reynolds—Lottie A. Best—Carey Melville—Grace Eddington and Mrs. B.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received, before March 20, from Adrienne M. Duysters, 1—Andrew L. Riker, 4—Philip Embury, Jr., 9—L. Fleetwood, 1—C. R. Williams, 1—R. Parker, 1—Dorsey Schenk, 1—N. Holly, 1—Maud Houghton, 1—Wilson Brainerd, 2—May Pierson, 1—B. C. Boulton, 1—D. N. Babbitt, 1—Helen L. Towne, 1—May Rogers, 1—A. M. Hill, 1—Myra L. Clark, 1—S. W. Thurber, 1—G. Cornett, 1—Ella Shaw, 5—B. and L. Veiller, 1—F. T. Vernon, 1—F. R. Gadd, 1—L. C. Estabrook, 1—Ruth D. and Sam'l H. Camp, 7—G. M. Hall, 1—J. C. Bunell, 1—Julia Gates, 1—Carl Niemeyer, 5—C. Robinson, 1—Outalgiskit, 6—Samuel M. Leiper, 5—Geo. T. Parkes, 1—Arthur, 1—G. B. Jr., 1—Roy Guion, 6—E. E. Neff, 2—H. Ries, 1—Severance Burrage, 10—A. Blanche B., 2—N. Morganstern, 1—King Arthur, 1—G. Cosgrave, 1—Tiksiagalo, 9—M. S. S. F. Club, 1—L. Wardell, 1—Charley Weymouth, 6—A. B. Hall, 1—R. Stone, 1—Harry B. Sparks, 8—Julia B. Arnwine, 1—Ethel, 1—Mona Downs, 1—Ralph S. Whiting, 1—G. F. Blandy, 1—N. B. Gisburne, 1—W. A. Bearnmore, 1—Clarence A. Cobleigh, 12—Anna L. Minich, 2—Wm. Koehnle, 12—Chas. Westcott, 12—Calla, 4—G. Butts, 1—E. Polemann, 1—G. H. Williams, 1—J. W. Preston, Jr., 9—L. Oates, 1—E. T., 1—Alice P. Pendleton, 11—Edith and Geneva, 11—Willie Trautwine, 6—Effic K. Talboys, 11—Mary C. Burnam, 6—Kendall Family, 1—Rosy and Popsy, 1—S. Bessie Saunders and Mamma, 6—Wallace K. Gaylord, 6—G. Austin, 2—Nellie Taylor, 2—Star, 1—Nellie and Mamie, 6—Xenophon, 8—Vin and Henry, 10—Mary Livingston, 1—Ellie S. Vail, 2—C. M. Philo, 1—Trail, 1—W. T. H., 1—Daisy and Dandelion, 4—T. Haynes, 1—W. R. Hamilton, 2—Hessie D. Boylston, 9—W. Kinsey, 1—N. Duff, 1—G. F. Lineburgh, 1—L. I., 1—"Judge Jag," 11—The McK's, 6—Harry R. Wicks, 6—F. Andreas, 1—Clarence H. Woods, 2—W. M. Shipp, Jr., 4—E. B. Judkins, 1—Vega De Oro, 12—Anna H. Ransom, 8—Willie H. Park, 9—Alecia and Jessica, 8—Scrap, 11—Minnie B. Murray, 12—George Lyman Waterhouse, 20—"Patience," 6—W. S. D. Moore, 9—Nellie and Harold Crowell, 5—E. Keyemilac, 9—"Lode Star," 8—Alice Cantine, 9—Dydie, 12—Vessie Westover, 4—Julia A. Groff, 1—Ina, 3—Chas. Haynes Kyte, 12—"A. P. Ower, Jr., 12—Nellie Caldwell, 5—Dick and Annie Custer, 6—B. P. Gause, 1—George Smith Hayter, 10—No Name, 7—Jennie Koehler, 5—Valerie, 6—D. C. Hicks, 4—"M. N. Bank," 2—Viola and Louise, 7—Algernon Tassin, 8—Arthur and Florence, 1—Checkley, 3—Alice H. Foster, 1—Willie C. Anderson, 2—Pernie, 10—Venie Atwood, 6—Bertie B. Wordfin, 1—Louis E. Osborn, 2—Tillie Kirchstein, 2—Clara and her Aunt, 12—Frank White, 1—Hester M. F. Powell, 6—Mary A. Piper, 1—George Mather, 5.

Numerals denote the number of puzzles solved.





GREAT-GRANDMOTHER'S GARDEN.

DRAWN BY MISS L. B. HUMPHREY.